

The Finest of the Wheat

HYMNS
NEW AND OLD
FOR MISSIONARY AND
REVIVAL MEETINGS
AND SABBATH SCHOOLS

EDITED BY

He should have fed
them also with the finest
of the wheat: and
with honey out of the
rock should I have
satisfied thee.

Geo. D. ELDERKIN,

FOR

C. C. McCABE,

John R. SWENEY,

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK,

THE WHYTE BROTHERS
OF CANADA

and F. A. HARDIN.

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THE
FINEST OF THE WHEAT:

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FOR
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SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY
GEO. D. ELDERKIN

FOR
C. C. McCABE, JNO. R. SWENEY, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,
THE WHYTE BROTHERS OF CANADA, AND F. A. HARDIN.

SEVENTY-FIRST EDITION.

CHICAGO:
R. R. McCABE & CO., PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE.

THAT "The Finest of the Wheat" may prove worthy of its name is the highest ambition the Editor can have for it. Many of the pieces are the very latest productions of the Authors whose names appear upon the title page. All the selections have been made under the watchful supervision of the Authors themselves and the leaders of sacred song associated with them.

In *Camp Meetings, Social Meetings, Missionary Meetings and Conventions, and Sabbath-Schools* they have noted the pieces that have in them the "swing of conquest," and have garnered into this book their favorites.

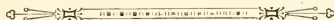
"The Finest of the Wheat" is the real successor of "Winnowed Hymns."

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THE PUBLISHERS.

THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT.



1 The Battle Hymn of Missions.

RAY PALMER.

JOHN WHITTAKER.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all
 2. We wait thy tri - umph, Sav - ior King; Long a - ges
 3. Thy hosts are mus - tered to the field; "The Cross! the
 4. On moun - tain tops the watch - fires glow, Where seat - tered

glo - ry shall ob - tain; That he who once a suff - 'rer
 have pre - pared thy way; Now all a - broad thy ban - ner
 Cross!" the bat - tle call, The old grim tow'rs of dark - ness
 wide the watch - men stand: Voice ech - oes voice, and on - ward

bled Shall o'er the world a con - qu'ror reign.
 fling, Set time's great bat - tle in ar - ray.
 yield: And soon shall tot - ter to their fall.
 flow The joy - ous shouts from land to land.

5

O fill thy Church with faith and pow'r,
 Bid her long night of weeping cease;
 To groaning nations haste the hour
 Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6

Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known
 Fulfill the Father's high decree;
 Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown
 Shall keep her last great jubilee.

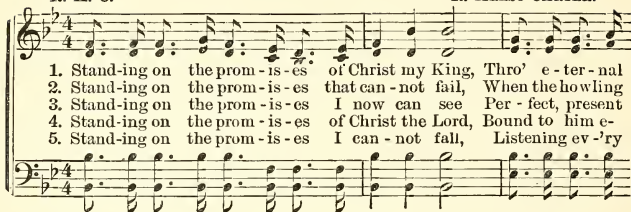
(NOTE.—There is in this tune a strain of the "Marseillaise," and of "The Watch on the Rhine." When choir, congregation or Sabbath-school sing it, the music is most inspiring. The hymn is the 921st of the Hymnal. The tune is found on page 154 of the Hymnal. If the people could be induced to commit the hymn to memory, and sing it without their books, it would afford a most instructive lesson as to the sort of Church music we ought to have. Try it.

The hymn should become as familiar to the Church as Ray Palmer's other great hymn—"My faith looks up to Thee,")

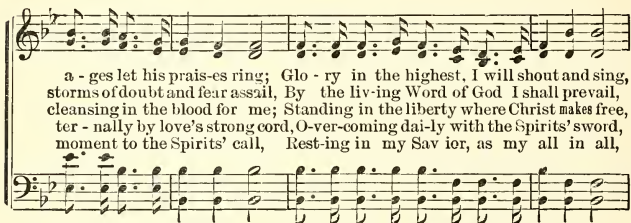
Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

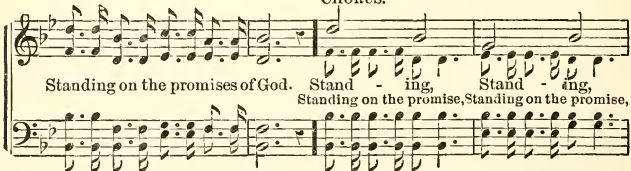


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, present
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Listening ev-'ry

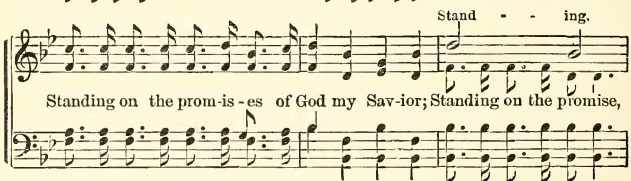


a-ges let his prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall prevail,
 tearing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter-nally by love's strong cord, O-ver-coming dai-ly with the Spirits' sword,
 moment to the Spirits' call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

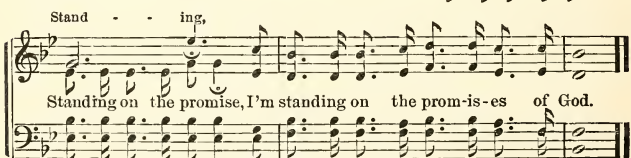
CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God. Stand-ing, Stand-ing,
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,



Stand-ing,
 Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Standing on the promise,




Stand-ing,
 Standing on the promise, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.

3 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

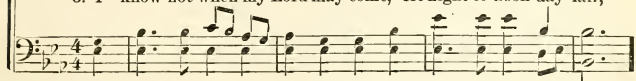
EL. NATHAN.
Moderato.

2 Tim. i. 12.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.




1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me he hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me he did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Convincing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



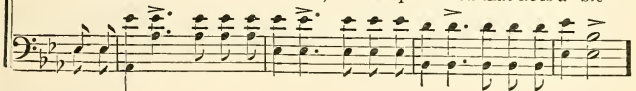


Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for his own.
Nor how be-liev-ing in his word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re-veal-ing Je-sus through the word, Cre-at-ing faith in him.
Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore his face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with him, Or "meet him in the air."



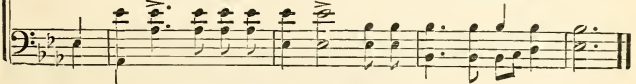
CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that he is a-ble

To keep that which I've committed un-to him a-gainst that day."

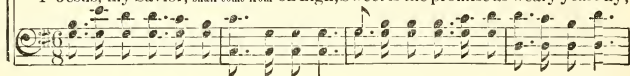


Seeking for Me.

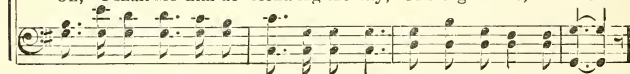
E. E. HASTY.



1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Jesus, my Savior, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold,
4. Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

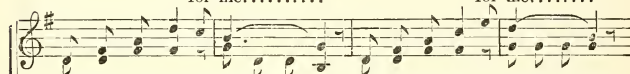


Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

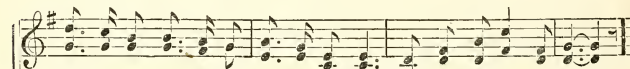
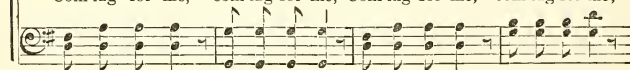


for me.....

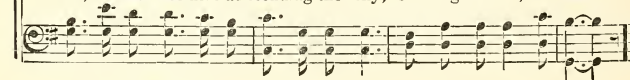
for me.....



Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seeking for me;
 Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
 Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;
 Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;



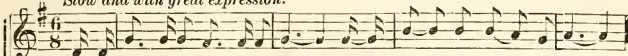
Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.



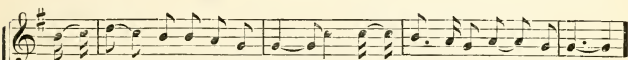
My Mother's Hands.

Mrs. M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. WILLSON, by per.

Slow and with great expression.

1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my in-fant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her coffin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them a-gain once more,



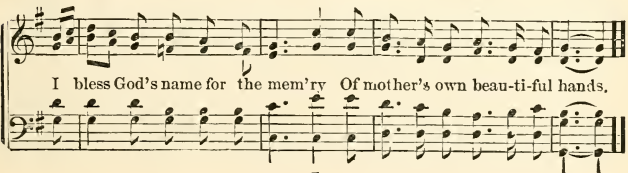
Yet my mother's hands were the fair - est, And love-li-est hands of all.
 They guided my feet in - to pleasant paths And smoothed all the rugged ways.
 They cooled the fever and eased the pain, Me - thinks I can feel them now.
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
 And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful she lay.
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shin - ing shore.



CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,

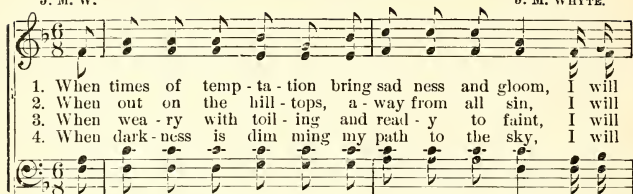


I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beau-ti-ful hands.

6 I Will Tell it to Jesus my Lord.

J. M. W.

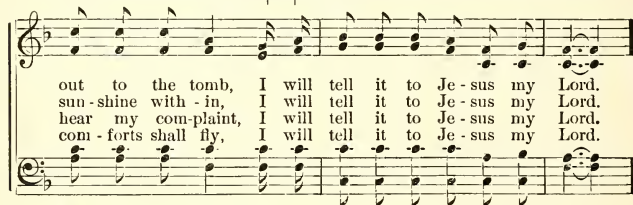
J. M. WHYTE.



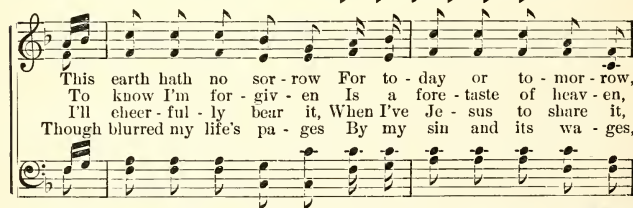
1. When times of temp - ta - tion bring sad ness and gloom, I will
 2. When out on the hill - tops, a - way from all sin, I will
 3. When wea - ry with toil - ing and read - y to faint, I will
 4. When dark - ness is dim ming my path to the sky, I will



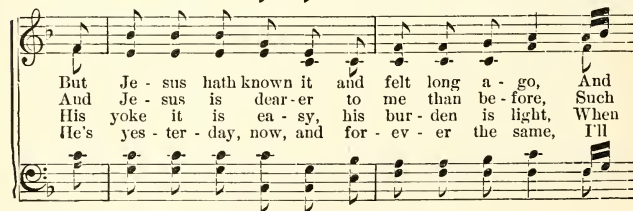
tell it to Je - sus my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord; When joy - ous and hap - py the
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord; He nev - er re - fu - ses to
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord; When help - ers shall fail me and



out to the tomb, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
 sun - shine with - in, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
 hear my com - plaint, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
 com - forts shall fly, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.

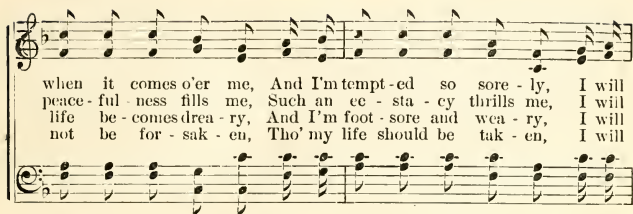


This earth hath no sor - row For to - day or to - mor - row,
 To know I'm for - giv - en Is a fore - taste of heav - en,
 I'll cheer - ful - ly bear it, When I've Je - sus to share it,
 Though blurred my life's pa - ges By my sin and its wa - ges,



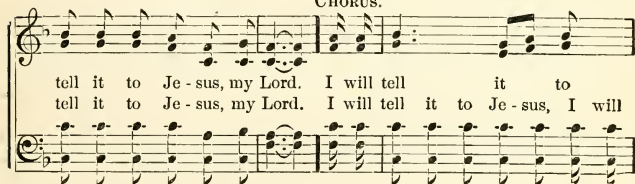
But Je - sus hath known it and felt long a - go, And
 And Je - sus is dear - er to me than be - fore, Such
 His yoke it is ea - sy, his bur - den is light, When
 He's yes - ter - day, now, and for - ev - er the same, I'll

I Will Tell it to Jesus. Concluded.




when it comes o'er me, And I'm tempt-ed so sore-ly, I will
 peace-ful-ness fills me, Such an ec-sta-cy thrills me, I will
 life be-comes drea-ry, And I'm foot-sore and wea-ry, I will
 not be for-sak-en, Tho' my life should be tak-en, I will

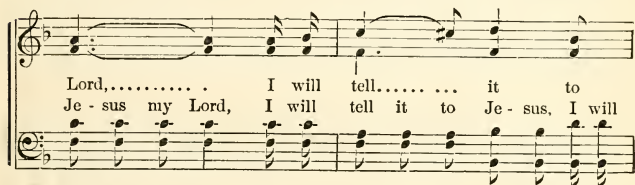
CHORUS.



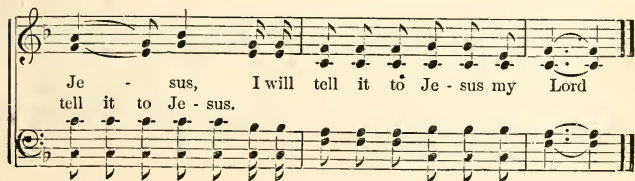
tell it to Je-sus, my Lord. I will tell it to
 tell it to Je-sus, my Lord. I will tell it to Je-sus, I will



Je - sus, to Je - sus my
 tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, to



Lord,..... I will tell..... it to
 Je - sus my Lord, I will tell it to Je - sus, I will

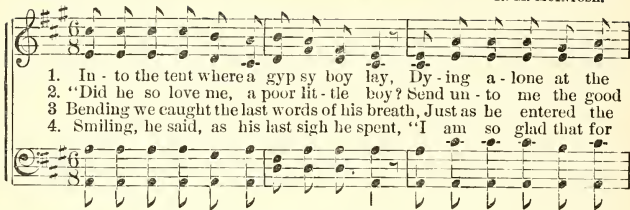


Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord
 tell it to Je - sus.

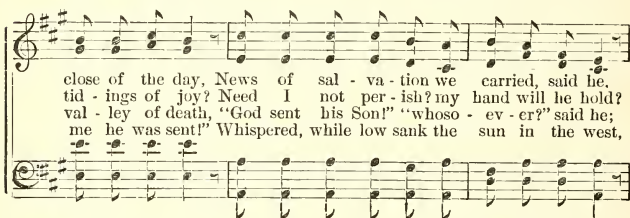
Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

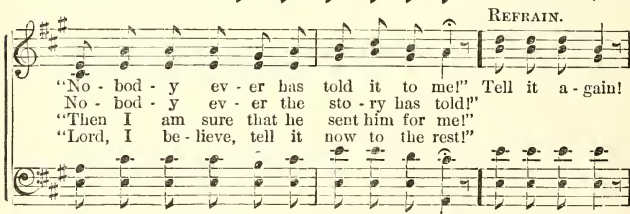
R. M. McINTOSH.



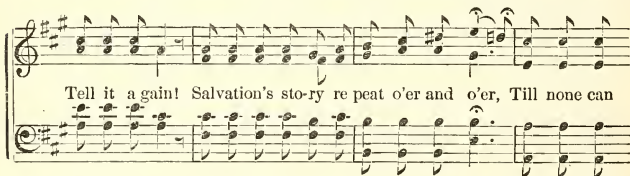
1. In - to the tent where a gyp sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the
 2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
 3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the
 4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for



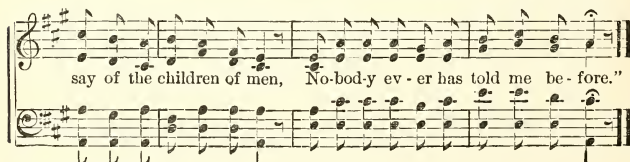
close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we carried, said he,
 tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold?
 val - ley of death, "God sent his Son!" "whoso - ev - er?" said he;
 me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,



REFRAIN.
 "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"



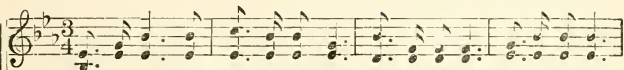
Tell it a gain! Salvation's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can



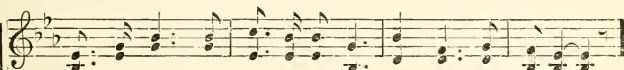
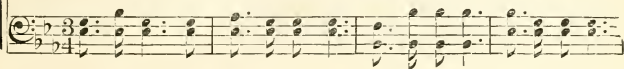
say of the children of men, No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

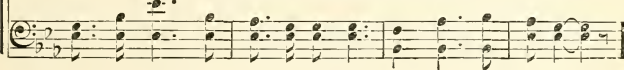
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



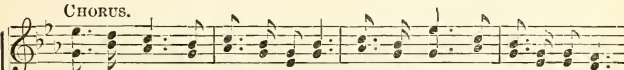
1. Broth-er for Christ's kingdom sighing; Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Tho' no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;



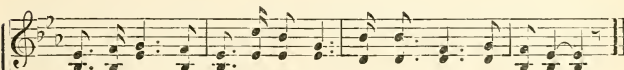
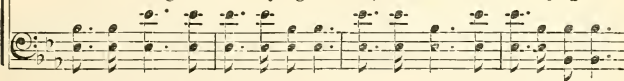
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
 Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
 Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.



CHORUS.



Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!



Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.



4 Let us live for one another,
 Help a little, help a little;
 Help to lift each fallen brother,
 Help just a little.

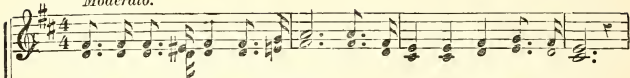
5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
 Help a little, help a little;
 Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow
 Help just a little.

9 Blessed be the Fountain.

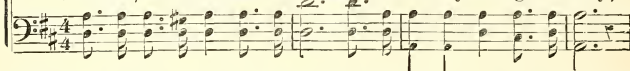
E. R. LATTA.

H. S. PERKINS.

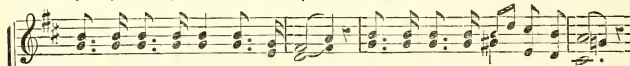
Moderato.



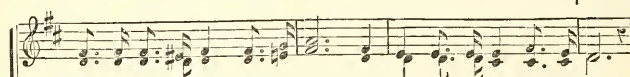
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'er came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from thee, Often has my heart gone a-stray;



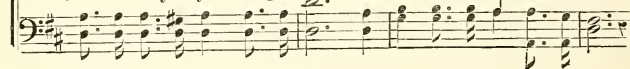
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But he suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crimson do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can - not wash them a-way.



Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je - sus to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow.



CHORUS.

Whit - - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - - er



Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,



Blessed be the Fountain—Concluded.

than the snow..... Wash me in the Blood of the
whit-er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the
Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.....
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow, than snow.
snow,.....

10

Why do You Wait?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striving with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,

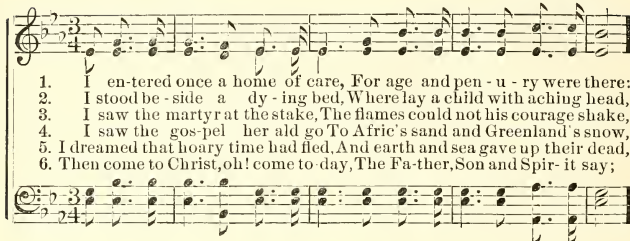
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanctified throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept his sal-va-tion. And throw off thy burden of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?

CHORUS.

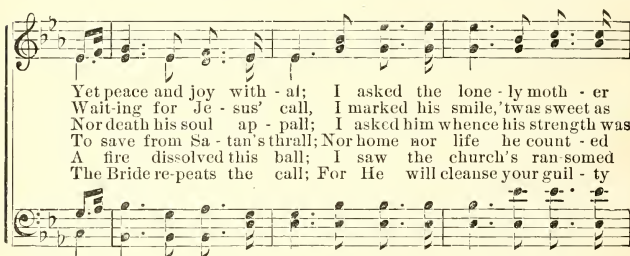
Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii: 7.

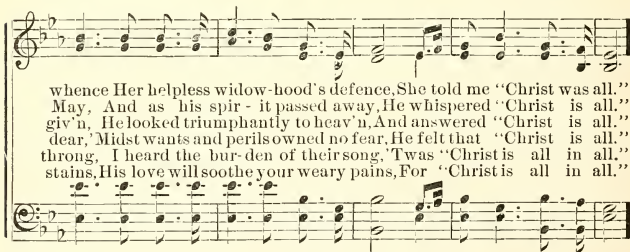
W. A. WILLIAMS.



1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there;
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. I saw the gos-pel her ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it say;

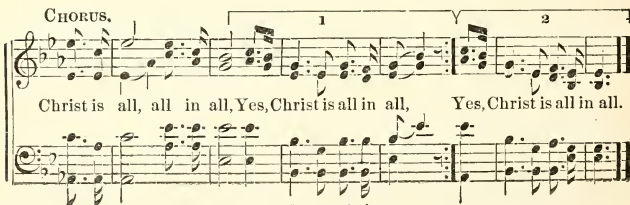


Yet peace and joy with - at; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
Waiting for Je - sus' call, I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed
A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ran-somed
The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guil - ty



whence Her helpless widow-hood's defence, She told me "Christ was all."
May, And as his spir - it passed away, He whispered "Christ is all."
giv'n, He looked triumphantly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
dear, 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

CHORUS.



Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

Used by permission.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
 2. We who know our sins for-given, We are walking in the light, We are
 3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
 4. We will sing his pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.
 beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
 Walk-ing in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

light We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of God.
 walk-ing in the light,

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
 2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
 3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of de-light, Where the

enter naught that may de - file; Where the day-beam ne'er de-clines,
 beau-ty of the King we see; Hold - ing con-verse full and sweet,
 Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain,

For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav-ior's smile.
 In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev-er more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti-ful robes, Beau - - ti-ful robes,
 Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - ti-ful robes we then shall wear,
 Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beau-ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

Beautiful Robes—Concluded.

Gar - - ments of light, . . . love - - ly and bright, . . .
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

14 The Angels are Looking on Me.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

J. P.

1. Like Jā-cob, in his Beth-el rest, The an-gels are looking on me;
 2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an-gels are looking on me;
 3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an-gels are looking on me;
 4. A pil-grim to the heav'nly land, The an-gels are looking on me;
 5. And till I reach my home at last, The an-gels are looking on me;

REFRAIN. ♪ All night, ♪ all night, The an-gels are looking on me;

They watch my pil-low—I am blest, The an-gels are looking on me.
 I know I'm safe, for an-gels keep, The an-gels are looking on me.
 God's presence makes my joy complete, The an-gels are looking on me.
 My steps are kept by God's command, The an-gels are looking on me.
 With ev - 'ry tear and tri - al past, The an-gels are looking on me.

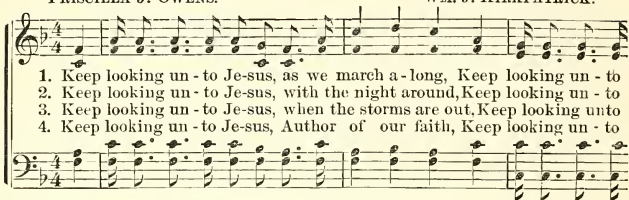
♪ All night, ♪ all night, The an-gels are look-ing on me!

By permission.

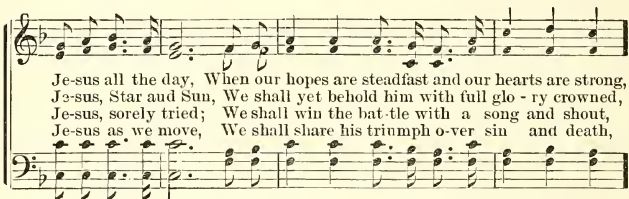
Keep Looking unto Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

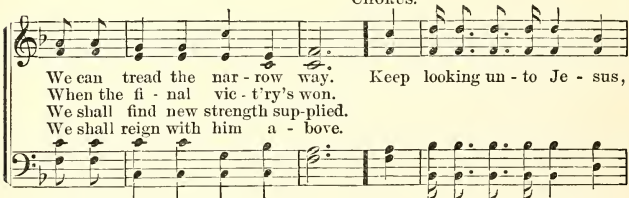


1. Keep looking un - to Je - sus, as we march a - long, Keep looking un - to
 2. Keep looking un - to Je - sus, with the night around, Keep looking un - to
 3. Keep looking un - to Je - sus, when the storms are out, Keep looking un - to
 4. Keep looking un - to Je - sus, Author of our faith, Keep looking un - to

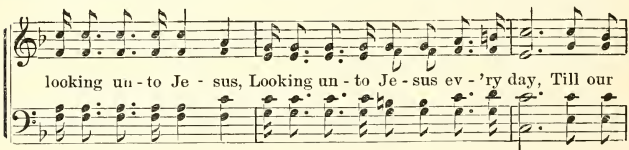


Je - sus all the day, When our hopes are steadfast and our hearts are strong,
 Je - sus, Star and Sun, We shall yet behold him with full glo - ry crowned,
 Je - sus, sorely tried; We shall win the bat - tle with a song and shout,
 Je - sus as we move, We shall share his triumph o - ver sin and death,

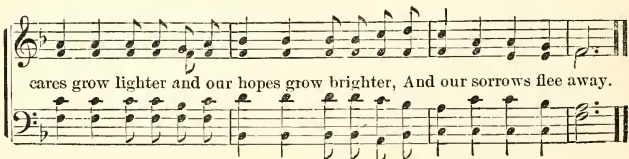
CHORUS.



We can tread the nar - row way. Keep looking un - to Je - sus,
 When the fi - nal vic - t'ry's won.
 We shall find new strength sup - plied.
 We shall reign with him a - bove.



looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Till our



cares grow lighter and our hopes grow brighter, And our sorrows flee away.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Oh, why thus stand with re-luc-tant feet, Just on the verge
 2. The Spir - it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss
 3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore, With un - seen hands
 4. The touch of death is up - on your frame, The mar - ble slab

of this rest so sweet? While God in - vites and your steps will greet,
 and the glo - ry land; Re-treat is death in the sink - ing sand,
 seem to beck - on o'er; Their voic - es hushed, yet they still im - plore,
 soon will bear your name; Lest you should suf - fer e - ter - nal shame,

CHORUS.

Come a-way to Jesus now. Come away to Je - sus, Come a -
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,

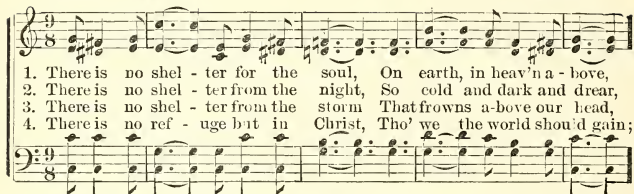
way to Je - sus, Come a-way to
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way, Come a-way to

Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
 Je-sus, come a-way,

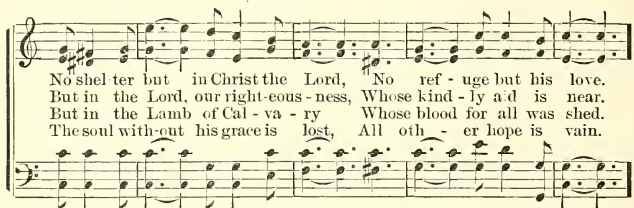
17 No Shelter but in Christ.

JAMES L. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

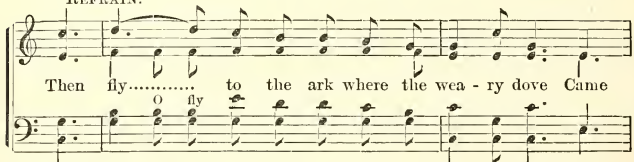


1. There is no shel - ter for the soul, On earth, in heav'n a - bove,
 2. There is no shel - ter from the night, So cold and dark and drear,
 3. There is no shel - ter from the storm That frowns a - bove our head,
 4. There is no ref - uge but in Christ, Tho' we the world should gain;



No shel - ter but in Christ the Lord, No ref - uge but his love.
 But in the Lord, our right - eous - ness, Whose kind - ly aid is near.
 But in the Lamb of Cal - va - ry Whose blood for all was shed.
 The soul with - out his grace is lost, All oth - er hope is vain.

REFRAIN.



Then fly..... to the ark where the wea - ry dove Came
 O fly



rit. back to the place of rest, *a tempo.* O fly to the arms,..... to the sheltering
 O fly to the arms,



arms..... Of the Sav - ior who loves thee best.
 shel - ter - ing arms,

18 The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. I know I love thee bet ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy:
 2. I know that thou art near-er still Than an - y earth-ly throng,
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
 4. O, Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will thy pres-ence be

For thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
 And sweet-er is the tho't of thee Than an - y love-ly song.
 With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.

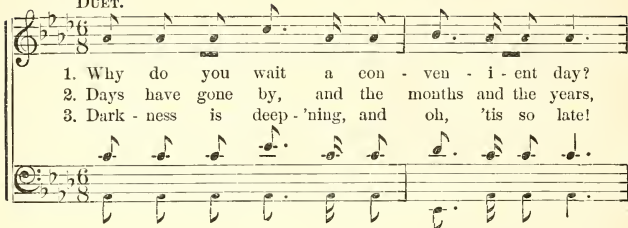
The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 yet been told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood, it cleanseth me.
 yet been told, cleanseth me.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

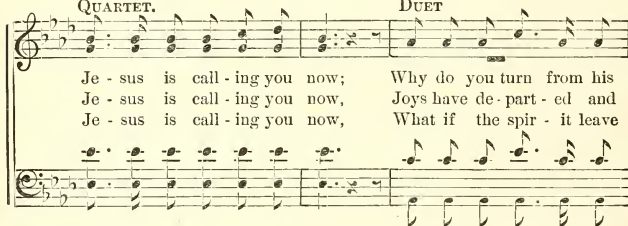
DUET.



1. Why do you wait a con - ven - i - ent day?
 2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years,
 3. Dark - ness is deep - 'ning, and oh, 'tis so late!

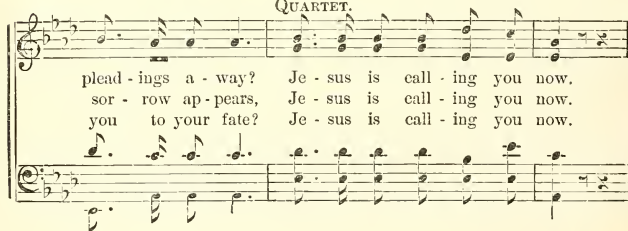
QUARTET.

DUET



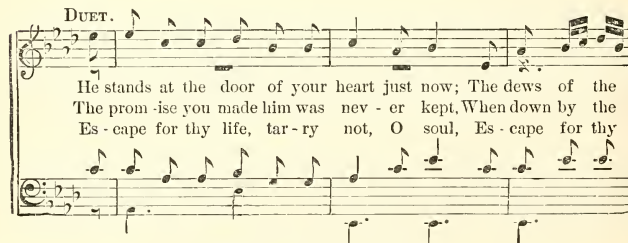
Je - sus is call - ing you now; Why do you turn from his
 Je - sus is call - ing you now, Joys have de - part - ed and
 Je - sus is call - ing you now, What if the spir - it leave

QUARTET.



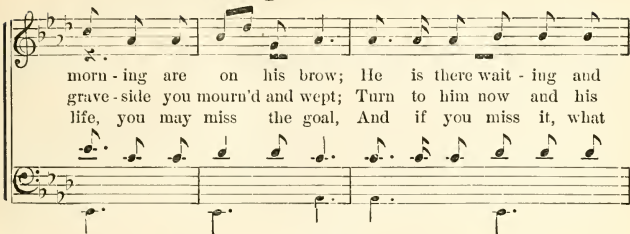
plead - ings a - way? Je - sus is call - ing you now.
 sor - row ap - pears, Je - sus is call - ing you now.
 you to your fate? Je - sus is call - ing you now.

DUET.



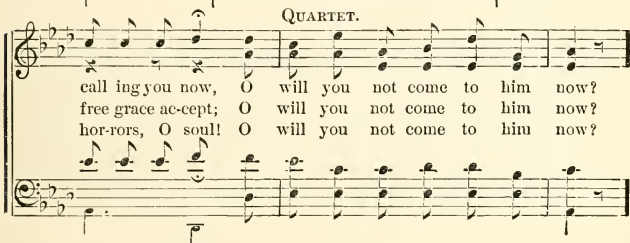
He stands at the door of your heart just now; The dews of the
 The prom - ise you made him was nev - er kept, When down by the
 Es - cape for thy life, tar - ry not, O soul, Es - cape for thy

Jesus is Calling You Now. Concluded.



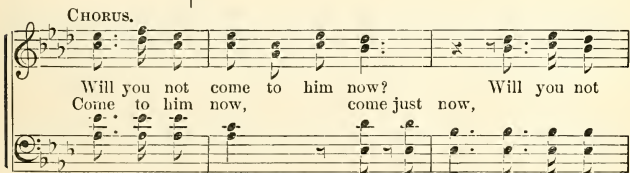
morn - ing are on his brow; He is there wait - ing and
grave - side you mourn'd and wept; Turn to him now and his
life, you may miss the goal, And if you miss it, what

QUARTET.

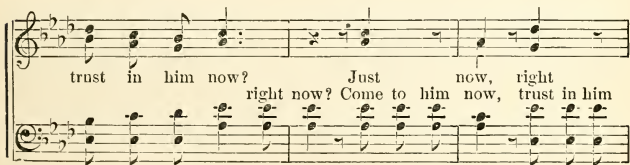


call ing you now, O will you not come to him now?
free grace ac-cept; O will you not come to him now?
hor-rors, O soul! O will you not come to him now?

CHORUS.



Will you not come to him now? Will you not
Come to him now, come just now,



trust in him now? Just now, right
right now? Come to him now, trust in him



now, O hear him, he's call - ing you now.

Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Praise him for his glo - ry, praise him for his grace, For his help a -
 2. Praise for free forgiveness, power which makes us whole, For his touch of
 3. Praise him for the tri - als sent as chords of love, Bind - ing us more

dapt - ed to each time and place, For his promised pres - ence all the
 heal - ing, strengthening the soul, For his gifts of kind - ness and his
 close - ly to the things a - bove, For the faith that conquers, hope that

pil - grim way, For the flam - ing pil - lar, and the cloud by day.
 lov - ing care, For the best as - sur - ance that he answers prayer.
 naught can dim, For the land where loved ones gather home to him.

CHORUS.

Praise him, shining an - gels, on your harps of
 Praise him, shining angels on your harps of gold, Praise him, shining angels, on your

gold, of gold, All his hosts a - dore him
 All his hosts a - dore him who his face be - hold,

Bless the Lord, My Soul.—Concluded.

who his face behold, Thro' his great do-
 All his hosts a-dore him who his face behold, Thro' his great dominion, while the

min - ion, while the a - ges roll, All his works shall
 a - ges roll, Thro' his great do - min - ion, while the a - ges roll,

praise him, all his works shall praise him, All his works shall praise him; bless the Lord, my soul.

21

F. W. FABER.

He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; }
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than [Omit....] } lib - er - ty.
 2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good; }
 { There is mer-cy with the Savior, There is healing [Omit....] } in his blood.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to thee.

3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take him at his word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10; 23.

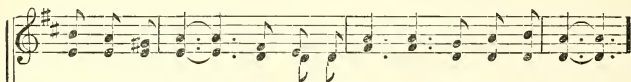
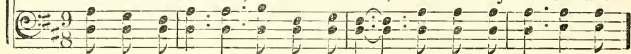
By per.

F. J. CROSBY.

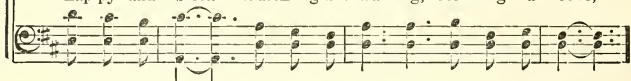
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1 Bles - sed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of
 2 Per - fect sub mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rapt - ure now
 3 Per - fect sub mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove,
 hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,



CHORUS.



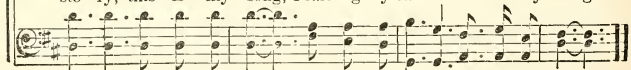
Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto - ry,
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
 Filled with his good - ness, lost in his love.



this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

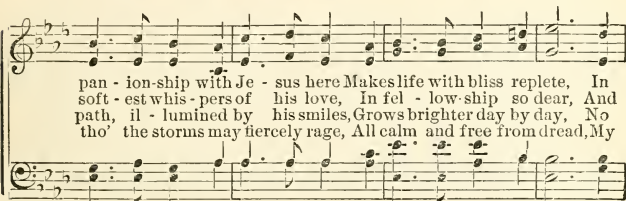


MARY D. JAMES.

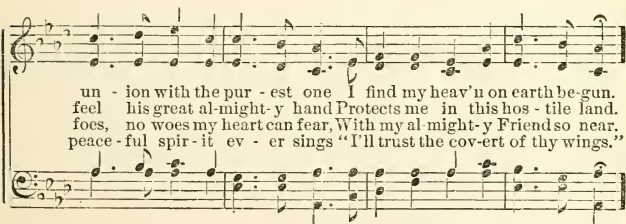
W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh joy supremely sweet! Com -
 2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The
 3. I'm lean - ing on his lov - ing breast, Along life's weary way; My
 4. I know his shel - t'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And

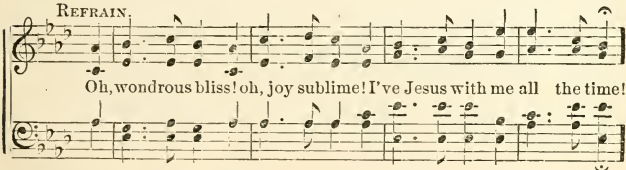


pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss replete, In
 soft - est whis - pers of his love, In fel - low - ship so dear, And
 path, il - lumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day, No
 tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

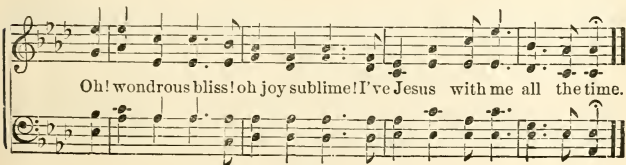


un - ion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
 feel his great al - might - y hand Protects me in this hos - tile land.
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al - might - y Friend so near.
 peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of thy wings."

REFRAIN.



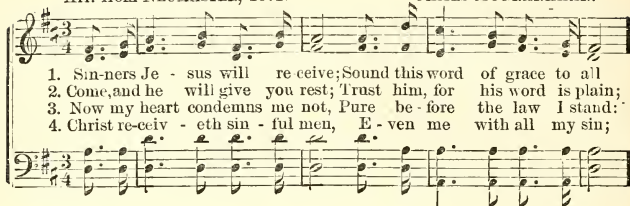
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!



Oh! wondrous bliss! oh joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time.

24 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. ix: 12.
 Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

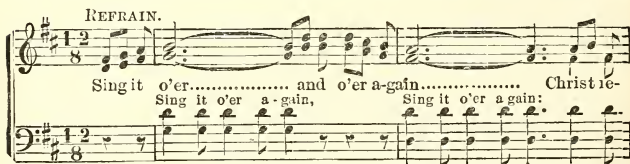


1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand:
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de mand.
 Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain..... Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a gain:



ceiv - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - sage
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the mes - sage plain,



clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the message plain:

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des - ert, look - ing, look - ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
 2. Still he is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, O what com - pass - ion
 3. Lov - ing - ly plead - ing, plead - ing, plead - ing, Mer - cy, tho' slighted,
 4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watch - ing, watch - ing, Long to be - hold thee

look - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
 beams in his eye, Hear him re - peat - ing gen - tly, gen - tly,
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
 safe in the fold; An - gels are wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,

CHORUS.
 Hith - er, thou lost one, O come un - to me. Je - sus is look - ing,
 Come to thy Sav - ior, O why wilt thou die.
 Come, ere thy life - star for - ev - er shall set.
 When shall thy sto - ry with rap - ture be told?

Je - sus is call - ing, Why dost thou lin - ger, why tar - ry a - way?

Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to - day.

Our Loved Ones in Heaven.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

LESSUR.

1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide,
 2. There endless springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of living green;
 3. Faith now beholds the flowing riv-er, Coming from underneath the throne;

Hear now the voices of your lov'd ones, What they sing on the oth-er side,—
 Mansions of beau-ty are pro-vid-ed, And the King of the saints is seen.
 There, too, the Sav-ior reigns for-ev-er, And he'll welcome the faithful home.

2d time Chorus

Some are sing-ing of bright crowns of glo-ry; Some of
 Soon my con-flicts and toils will be end-ed; I shall
 Would you sit by the banks of the riv-er With the
 CHO. —O the pros-pect! it is so trans-port-ing, And no

dear ones who stand near the shore; For the fond heart must ev-er be
 join those who've pass'd on be-fore; For my lov'd ones, O how I do
 friends you have lov'd by your side? Would you join in the song of the
 dan-ger I fear from the tide; Let me go to the home of the

D S. for Chorus.

cling-ing To the faith-ful we love ev-er-more.
 miss them! I must press on and meet them once more.
 an-gels? Then be read-y to fol-low your guide.
 Chris-tian, Let me stand rob'd in white by their side.

H. M. BRADLEY.

THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Down in the val-ley, a mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Be lov-ed, his
 2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to dis-cov-er Where is the place of thy
 3. Now I ap-proach thee, oh, fair-est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
 4. Gen - tler thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the

foot-prints I see; Haste I to fol - low thee, Sav-ior and Lov - er,
 fra - grant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon-tide,
 dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that a-dores thee,
 sun in the sky; Gath - er me ten - der - ly, close to thy bos - om,

CHORUS.

How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be-loved Lord!
 Shel-ter'd near foun-tains unsearch'd by the heat.
 Hast thou not sought me and called me thy Dove?
 Faint with thy lov - li-ness thus let me die.

For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord.

By permission.

Nearer the Cross.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. vi. 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing nearer, Near er the
 2. Near - er the Christian's mercy seat, I am com-ing nearer, Feast-ing my
 3. Near - er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am com-ing nearer, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stron-ger in-faith, more
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the end of

Je-sus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide, Nearer my Sav-ior's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave him-self for me; Nearer to him I
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com-ing near-er.
 still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm coming near-er.
 soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com-ing near-er.

29 Him that Cometh unto Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Listen to the blessed in-vi-ta-tion, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
 2. Weary toiler, sad and heavy laden, Joy-ful-ly the great salvation see,
 3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,

Chiming soft-ly with a heavenly cadence, Calling to the passing throng.
 Close beside thee stands the Burden Bearer, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
 Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring him, But thy pressing utmost need.

CHORUS.

Him that cometh unto me, unto me, Him that cometh un-to me, unto me,

Him that com-eth un-to me, un-to me, I will in no-wise cast out.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4. "Him that cometh," blind or
 maimed or sinful
 Cometh for his healing touch divine,
 For the cleansing of the blood so pre-
 cious,
 Prove anew this gracious line.</p> | <p>5. Coming humbly, daily to this Sav-
 ior,
 Breathing all the heart to him in
 Coming some day to the heavenly
 mansions,
 He will give thee welcome there.</p> |
|---|--|

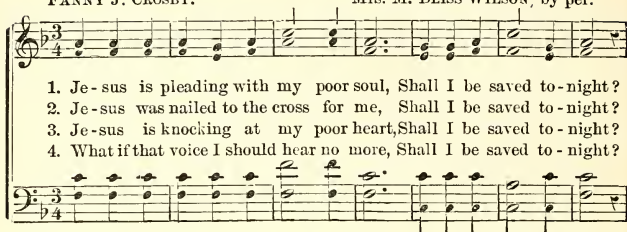
Copyright, 1888, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Shall I be Saved To-Night?

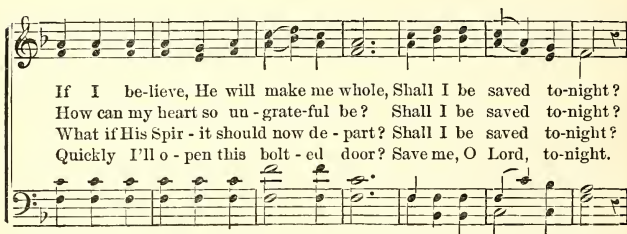
"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah xlv. 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

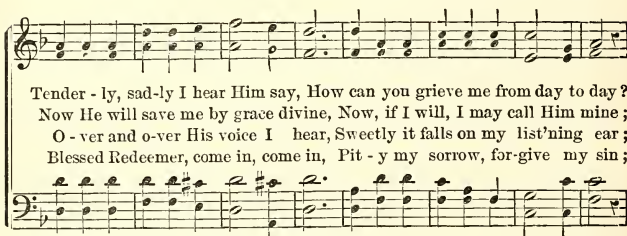
Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON, by per.



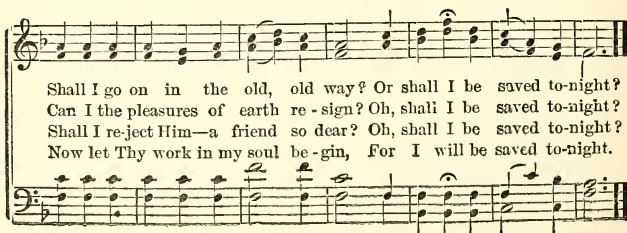
1. Je-sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. Je-sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?



If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if His Spir-it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o-pen this bolt-ed door? Save me, O Lord, to-night.



Tender-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
 O-ver and o-ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit-y my sorrow, for-give my sin;



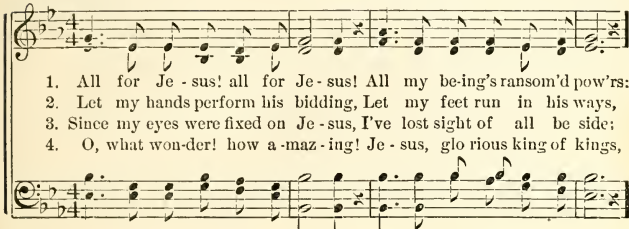
Shall I go on in the old, old way? Or shall I be saved to-night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night.

All for Jesus.

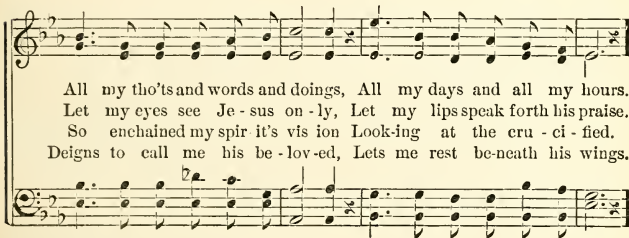
"But Christ is all in all." Col iii: 11.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per

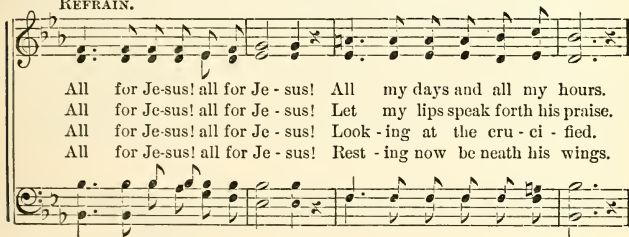


1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs:
 2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways,
 3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be side;
 4. O, what won-der! how a -maz-ing! Je - sus, glo rious king of kings,

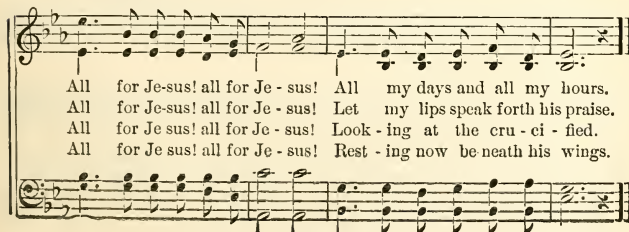


All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
 Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.
 So enchained my spir it's vis ion Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
 Deigns to call me his be - lov-ed, Lets me rest be -neath his wings.

REFRAIN.



All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the cru - ci - fied.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now be neath his wings.



All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise.
 All for Je -sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the cru - ci - fied.
 All for Je -sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now be neath his wings.

H. L. G. "Brethren, stand by your facts!"—BISHOP TAYLOR. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I know a fountain deep and wide Was opened for you and me
In Da-vid's house for all unclean, And
2. I know that as it wound its way Thro' Bethlehem's manger shade,
'Mid quiv'ring earth, on Calvary's shill, It
3. I know that still it sweeps a-long, All ach-ing hearts to fil;
And bold-ly mirrored on its breast, Is

now it's flowing free; It springs from out beneath God's throne, A stream as
paused in love's cascade; But onward dash'd with crimson tinge Made by the
"who so-ev-er will!" Oh, come and quench thy raging thirst; Drink deep of

cry-stal clear; The prophet's eye foresaw its course, And David sung it near.
soldier's spear; No granite rock nor Roman seal Could stop its grand career.
life's pure spring, And in the darkest hour of life Your happy soul will sing.

CHORUS. 2 Tim. i 12.

"For I know whom I have believ'd, And am persuaded, That he is a-ble to

keep That which I've committed Un-to him a-gainst that day."

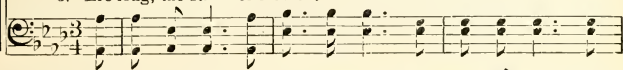
33 We're on the way to Canaan's Land.

REV. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.



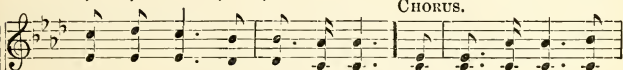
1. From Egypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be dient to our
- 2 Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con - trols, A crys - tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the Riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ran - somed host at



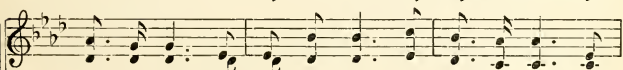
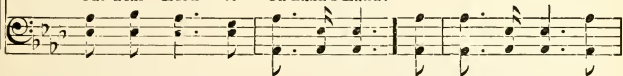
Lord's command, And by his word and spir - it led, We're
steps a - right, Be - hold to prove his pres - ence here, The
need sup - plies, He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict he is near, Whose
his right hand; And there re - ceive a wel - comesweet, From



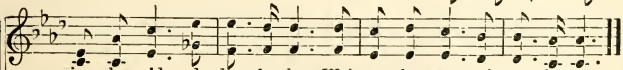
CHORUS.



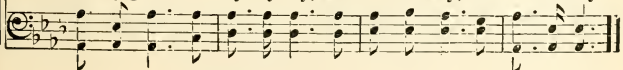
on the way to Canaan's Land! We're on the way, A
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies!
pres - ence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Canaan's Land!



pil - grim band; We're on the way to Canaan's land; Di -



vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.



34 Our Savior's Mighty Love.

WILLIAM P. JONES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. We may sound the depths of ocean, We may brave the heaving main, We may climb the highest
 2. 'Tis a love without beginning, 'Tis a love without an end, 'Tis the ladder where the
 3. In the work of our redemption, It has laid the corner stone, 'Tis eternal like Je-

mountain, And its lofty summit gain. We may look with cloudless vision On the
 faith-ful, With triumphant songs ascend. How it stoops to lift us upward, How its
 ho-vah, 'Tis unchanging like his throne. 'Tis the gift of all most precious, That the

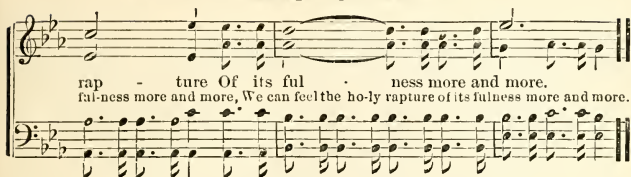
jeweled arch above, But we cannot know the greatness, Of a Savior's dying love.
 arms the world embrace, O the love of our Creator, To a lost and ruined race.
 poor-est may receive, And it sav eth to the utmost Whoso-ever will believe.

REFRAIN.

But its depth we cannot fath - om, To its height
 But its depth we cannot fathom, To its height we cannot soar, But its depth we can-not

..... we cannot soar, We can feel..... the ho - ly
 fath-om, To its height we cannot soar, We can feel the ho - ly rapt - ure Of its

Our Savior's Mighty Love—Concluded.

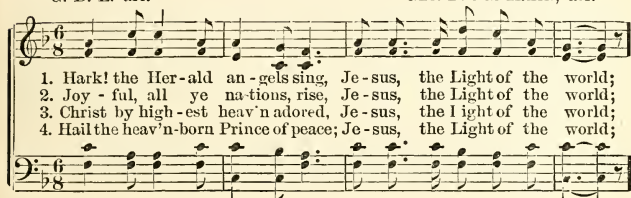


rap - ture Of its ful - ness more and more.
ful-ness more and more, We can feel the ho-ly rapture of its fulness more and more.

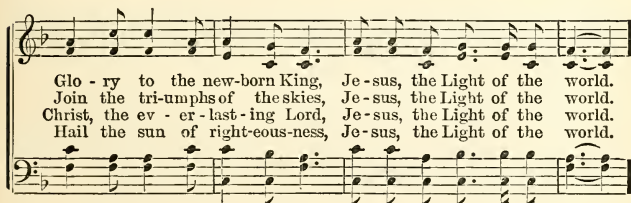
35 Jesus the Light of the World.

G. D. E. arr.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.

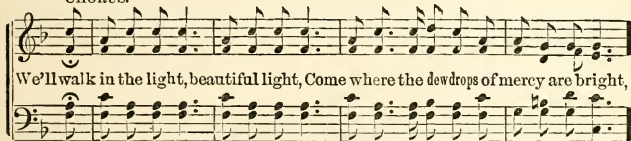


1. Hark! the Her-ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ by high - est heav'n adored, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace; Je - sus, the Light of the world;

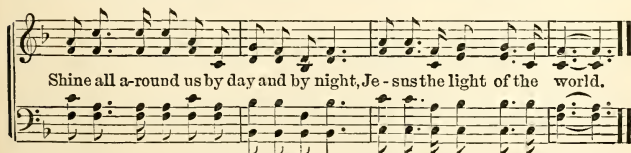


Glo - ry to the new-born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.



We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,



Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je - sus the light of the world.

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W. L. T.

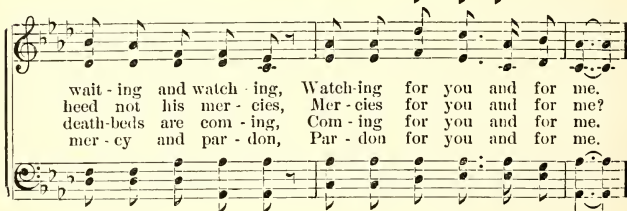
WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very Slow. pp

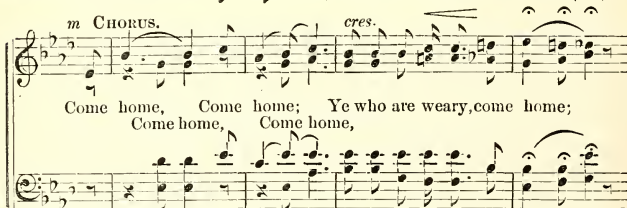

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised,



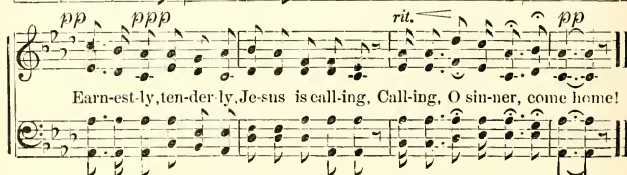
m
 Call - ing for you and for me; See at the por - tals he's
 Plead - ing for you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and
 Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing,
 Prom - ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd he has



wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.



m CHORUS. *cres.*
 Come home, Come home; Ye who are weary, come home;
 Come home, Come home,

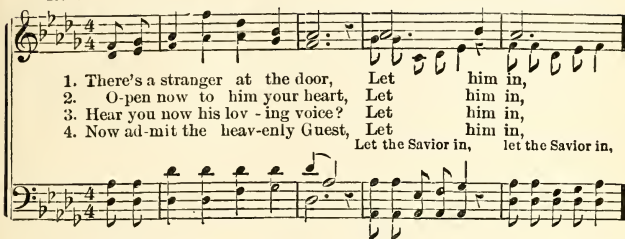


pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

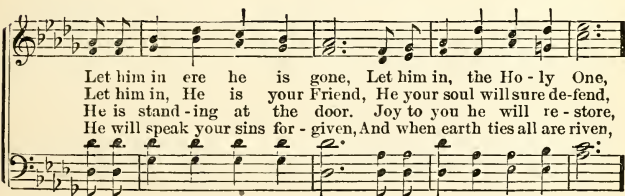
E. O. EXCELL.



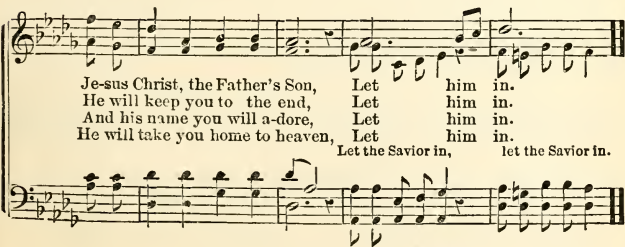
1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in,
 4. Now ad - mit the heav-enly Guest, Let him in,
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in;
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at the door. Joy to you he will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth ties all are riven,



Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
 And his name you will a - dore, Let him in.
 He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

Calvary! dear Calvary.

Luke xxiii. 33.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. When I sur-vey..... the wondrous cross,..... On which the
 2. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav - ior died..... 'Twas there my
 3. See, from his head,..... his hands, his feet,..... Sor-row and

Prince..... of glo - ry died,..... My richest gain I count but
 Lord..... was cru-ci - fied..... 'Twas on the cross..... he bled for
 love..... flow mingled down;..... Did e'er such love..... and sorrow

loss,..... And pour con-tempt..... on all my pride.....
 me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.....
 meet,..... Or thorns compose..... so rich a crown.....

CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry! dear Cal - va - ry! My long-ing heart is turned to thee;

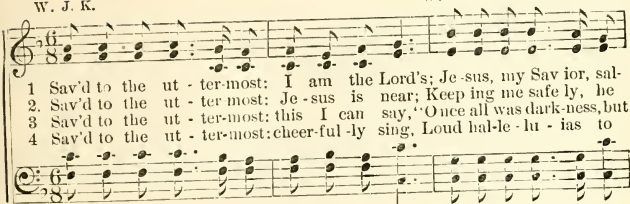
O Cal - va - ry! dear Cal - va - ry! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

- 4 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
 My Savior bows his head and dies;
 The opening veil reveals the way
 To heaven's joys and endless day.
- 5 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be
 That thou shouldst give thy life for
 me;
 To bear the cross and agony,
 In that dread hour on Calvary!

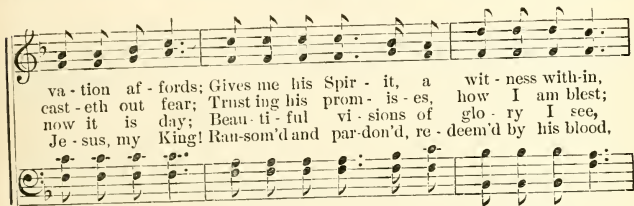
39 Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

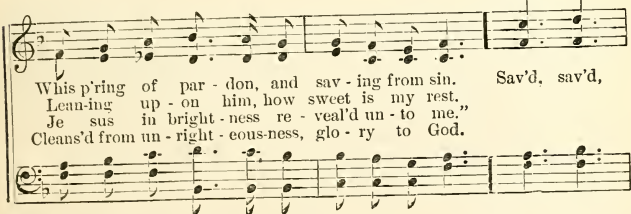


1 Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav - ior, sal -
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep ing me safe ly, he
 3 Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark-ness, but
 4 Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheer-ful-ly sing, Loud hal-le-lu - ias to

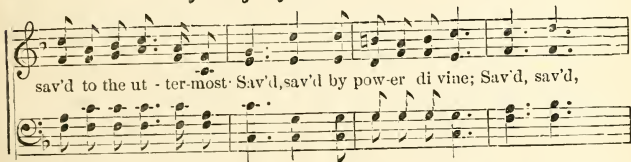


va - tion af - fords; Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with-in,
 cast - eth out fear; Trust ing his prom - is - es, how I am blest;
 now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of glo - ry I see,
 Je - sus, my King! Ran-som'd and par-don'd, re - deem'd by his blood,

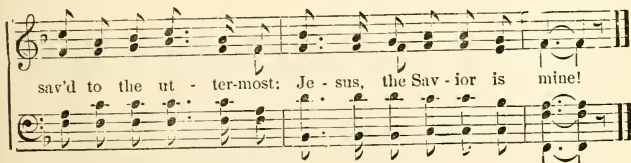
REFRAIN.



Whis - p'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Sav'd, sav'd,
 Lean-ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
 Je - sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me.,
 Cleans'd from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.



sav'd to the ut - ter-most. Sav'd, sav'd by pow - er di vine; Sav'd, sav'd,



sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine!

Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.
*Duet.*Rev. J. M. DRIVER. by per.
Full Chorus.

1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;
 2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;
 3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: JE - SUS pro-vides a rest:

Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day;
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest

An-gels with rapt-ure announce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it;
 Calling from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crys-tal bright fountain
 Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,

Sin-ner, oh! wont you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 Singing the rapt - ur-ous cho - rus, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful! won - der - ful!
 Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love:

Wonderful Story of Love—Concluded.

Won - der - ful!
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: won - der - ful sto - ry of love!

41

Christmas.

E. H. SEARS.

HANDEL.

1. Calm on the list' - ning ear of night, Come heav'n's me-
 2. Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred
 3. The answer-ing hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the

lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her
 glo - ries there, And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make
 glad re - ply; And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The

sil - ver - man - tled plains, Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.
 mu - sic on the air, Make mu - sic on the air.
 day-spring from on high, The day-spring from on high.

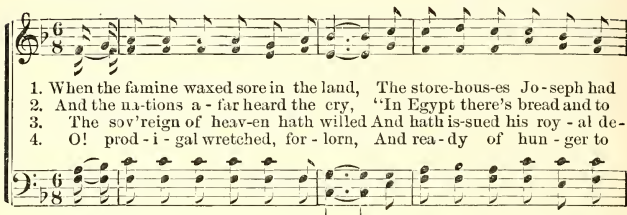
4. O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

5. "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring,—
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King!"

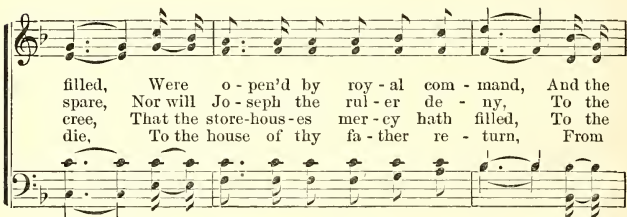
The Storehouse of Grace.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON. D. D.

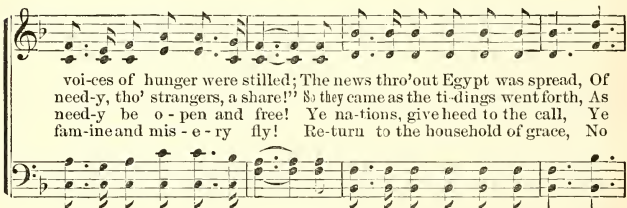
GEO. D. ELDERKIN.



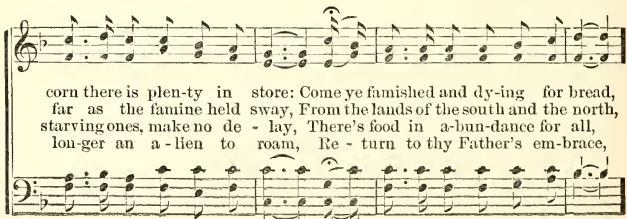
1. When the famine waxed sore in the land, The store-hous-es Jo-seph had
 2. And the na-tions a - far heard the cry, "In Egypt there's bread and to
 3. The sov'reign of heav-en hath willed And hath is-sued his roy - al de-
 4. O! prod-i-gal wretched, for - lorn, And rea-dy of hun - ger to



filled, Were o - pen'd by roy - al com - mand, And the
 spare, Nor will Jo - seph the rul - er de - ny, To the
 cree, That the store-hous-es mer - cy hath filled, To the
 die, To the house of thy fa - ther re - turn, From



voi-ces of hunger were stilled; The news thro'out Egypt was spread, Of
 need-y, tho' strangers, a share!" So they came as the ti-dings went forth, As
 need-y be o - pen and free! Ye na-tions, give heed to the call, Ye
 fam-ine and mis - e - ry fly! Re - turn to the household of grace, No



corn there is plen-ty in store: Come ye famished and dy-ing for bread,
 far as the famine held sway, From the lands of the south and the north,
 starving ones, make no de - lay, There's food in a-bun-dance for all,
 lon-ger an a - lien to roam, Re - turn to thy Father's em-brace,

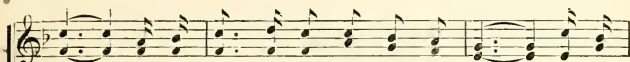
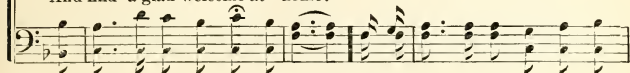
The Storehouse of Grace--Concluded.

Rit.

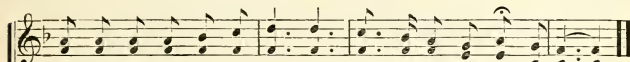
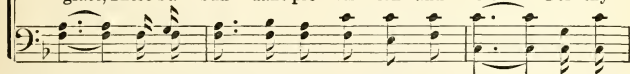
CHORUS.



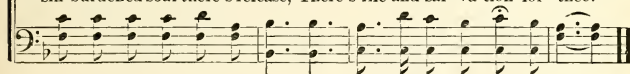
Take free - ly and hun - ger no more. Sinner, come to the store-house of
Nor did an - y go emp - ty a - way.
Nor will he turn an - y a - way!
And find a glad welcome at home!



grace, There's a - bun - dant pro - vis - ion and free! For thy



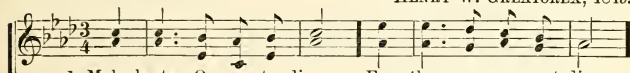
sin-burdened soul there's release, There's life and sal - va - tion for thee!



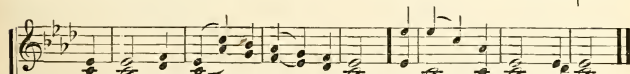
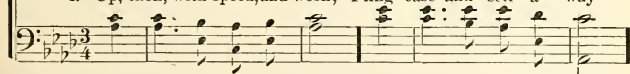
43

Leighton. S. M.

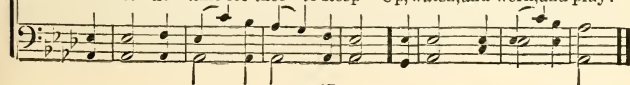
HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.



1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die;
2. To breathe, and wake, and sleep, To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
3. Make haste, O man, to do What - ev - er must be done;
4. Up, then, with speed, and work; Fling ease and self a - way—



Time hur - ries past thee like a breeze, How swift its moments fly!
To move in i - dle - ness thro' earth—This, this is not to live.
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.
This is no time for thee to sleep—Up, watch, and work, and pray!

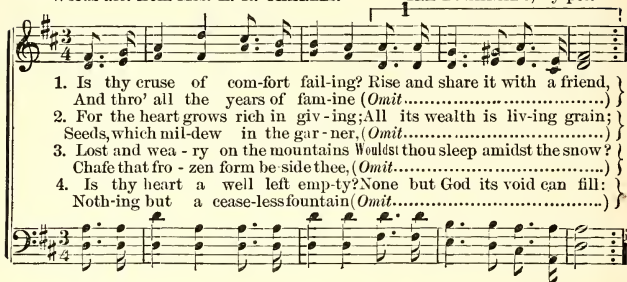


44 Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?


"Neither shall the cruse of oil fail."—1 Kings 17: 14.

Words arr. from Mrs. E. R. CHARLES.

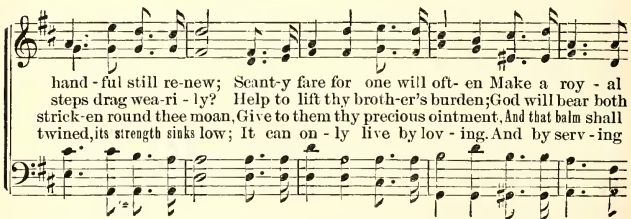
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



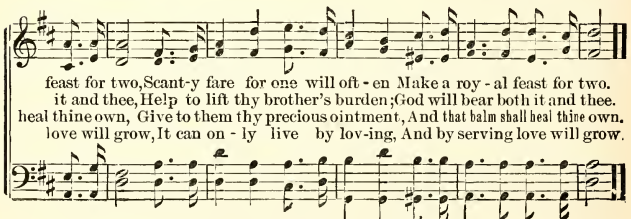
1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail-ing? Rise and share it with a friend, }
 And thro' all the years of fam-ine (*Omit*.....) }
 2. For the heart grows rich in giv-ing; All its wealth is liv-ing grain; }
 Seeds, which mil-dew in the gar-ner, (*Omit*.....) }
 3. Lost and wea-ry on the mountains Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow? }
 Chafe that fro-zen form be side thee, (*Omit*.....) }
 4. Is thy heart a well left emp-ty? None but God its void can fill: }
 Noth-ing but a cease-less fountain (*Omit*.....) }



It shall serve thee to the end. Love di-vine will fill thy storehouse, Or thy
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy bur-den hard and heavy? Do thy
 And to-geth-er both shall glow. Art thou wounded in life's bat-tle? Ma-ny
 Can its cease-less longings still. Is thy heart a liv-ing power? Self-en-



hand-ful still re-new; Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al
 steps drag wea-ri-ly? Help to lift thy broth-er's burden; God will bear both
 strick-en round thee moan, Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall
 twined, its strength sinks low; It can on-ly live by lov-ing. And by serv-ing

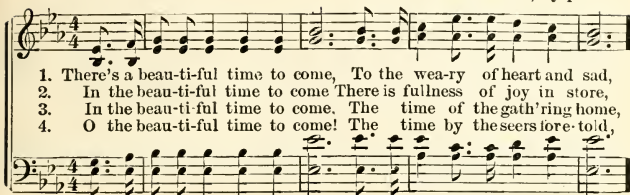


feast for two, Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two.
 it and thee, Help to lift thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.
 heal thine own, Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
 love will grow, It can on-ly live by lov-ing. And by serving love will grow.

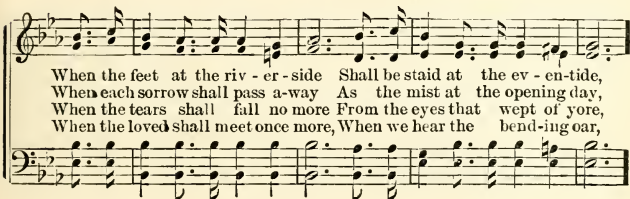
45 The Beautiful Time to Come.

Miss EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

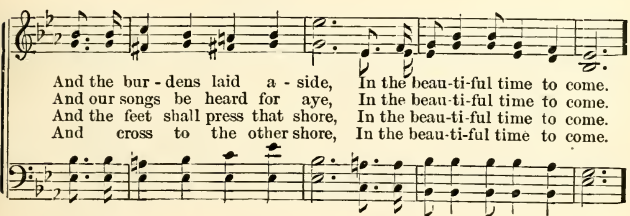
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful time to come, To the wea-ry of heart and sad,
2. In the beau-ti-ful time to come There is fullness of joy in store,
3. In the beau-ti-ful time to come. The time of the gath'ring home,
4. O the beau-ti-ful time to come! The time by the seers fore-told,



When the feet at the riv - er - side Shall be staid at the ev - en-tide,
 When each sorrow shall pass a-way As the mist at the opening day,
 When the tears shall fall no more From the eyes that wept of yore,
 When the loved shall meet once more, When we hear the bend-ing oar,

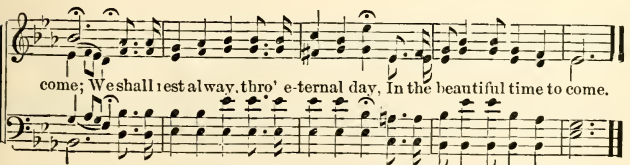


And the bur - dens laid a - side, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
 And our songs be heard for aye, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
 And the feet shall press that shore, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
 And cross to the other shore, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.

REFRAIN.



In the beautiful time, In the beautiful time, In the beautiful time to



come; We shall rest alway thro' e-ternal day, In the beautiful time to come.

The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

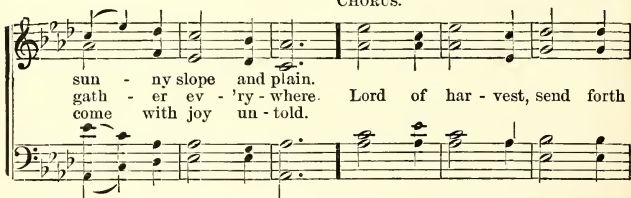
Spirited.


1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of
 2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the
 3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the



rip - ened grain; Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, O'er the
 noon-tide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing, Bid them
 sheaves of gold, Heavenward then at evening wend - ing Thou shalt

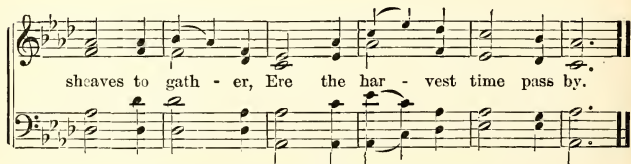
CHORUS.



sun - ny slope and plain.
 gath - er ev - 'ry - where. Lord of har - vest, send forth
 come with joy un - told.



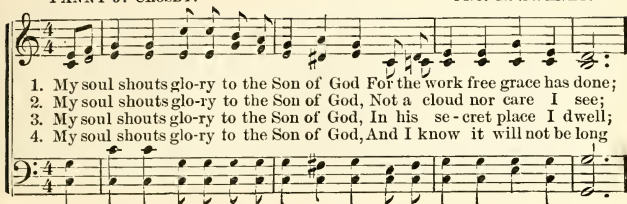
reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry; Send them now the



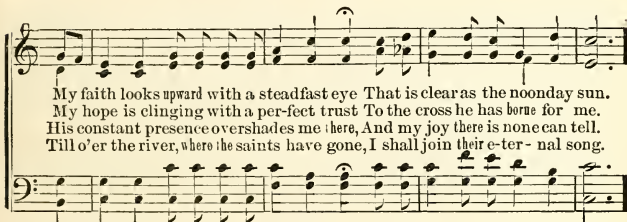
sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

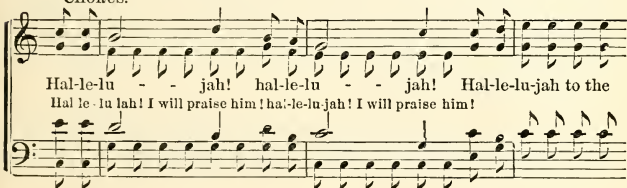


1. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God For the work free grace has done;
 2. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, Not a cloud nor care I see;
 3. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, In his se-cret place I dwell;
 4. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, And I know it will not be long

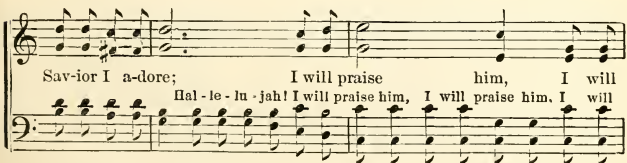


My faith looks upward with a steadfast eye That is clear as the noonday sun.
 My hope is clinging with a per-fect trust To the cross he has borne for me.
 His constant presence overshades me there, And my joy there is none can tell.
 Tillo'er the river, where the saints have gone, I shall join their e-ter-nal song.

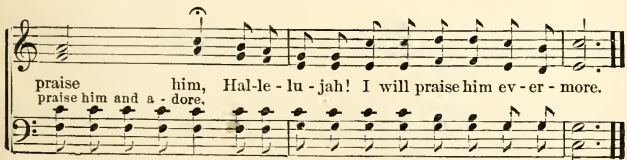
CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu - - jah! hal-le-lu - - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the
 Hal-le-lu lah! I will praise him! hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him!



Sav-ior I a-dore; I will praise him, I will
 Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him, I will praise him, I will



praise him, Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him ev-er-more.
 praise him and a-dore,

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell it to oth - ers, the sto - ry of Je - sus, Your wonderful Sav - ior con -
 2. Tell it to oth - ers, there's power in confession; The soul gathers strength with the
 3. Tell it to oth - ers; he died to re - deem you, He makes intercession a -
 4. Tell it to oth - ers, so simply and humbly; Oh, tell it with love in your

fess; So gracious and faithful, so kind and for - giv - ing, So ready to
 word; The story grows sweeter; there's joy in the telling, For Christ hath the
 bove; Oh, tell of his mer - cy; his grace, all - sufficient; The height and the
 heart; Then trustfully pray for the help of his Spir - it, And God will his

CHORUS.

save and to bless. Tell it, oh, tell it, the "good news" from
 wit - ness - ing heard.
 depth of his love.
 bless - ing im - part.

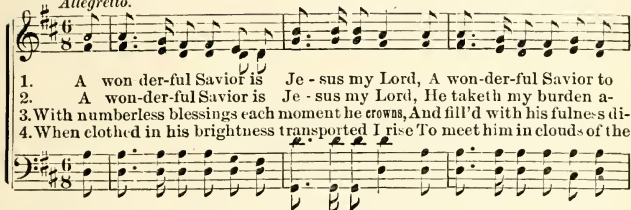
heav - en; A message so pre - cious, so true; In man - sions of

glo - ry we'll sing the same story, In rapturous strains, ev - er new.

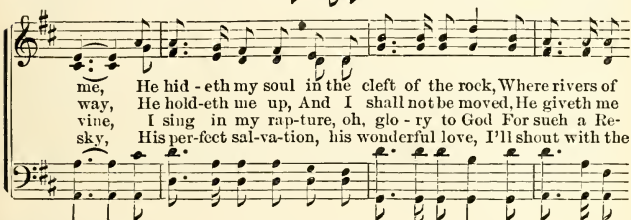
He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

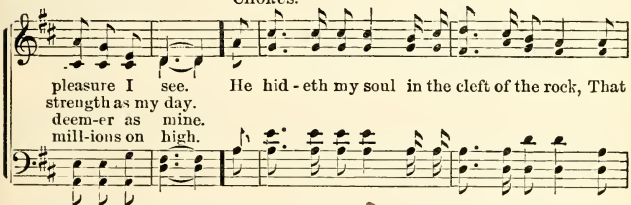
Allegretto.


1. A won-der-ful Savior is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Savior to
 2. A won-der-ful Savior is Je - sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a-
 3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fulness di-
 4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the

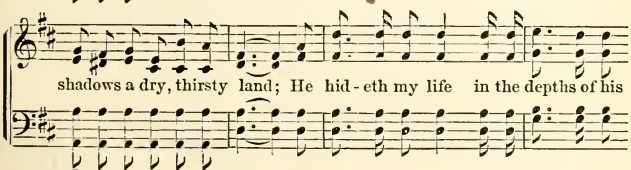


me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of
 way, He hold-eth me up, And I shall not be moved, He giveth me
 vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For such a Re-
 sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, his wonderful love, I'll shout with the

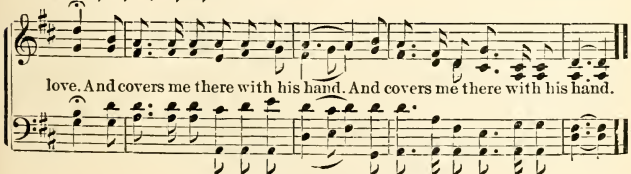
CHORUS.



pleasure I see. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
 strength as my day.
 deem-er as mine.
 mill-ions on high.



shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his

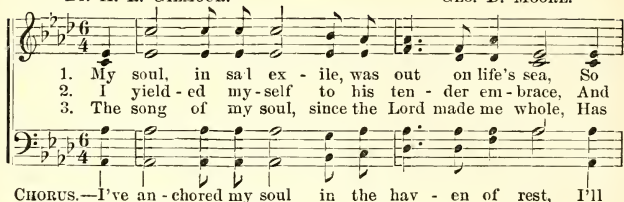


love. And covers me there with his hand. And covers me there with his hand.

The Haven of Rest.

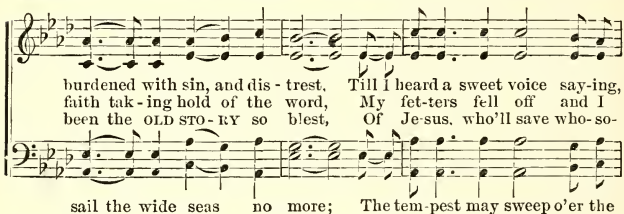
Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.



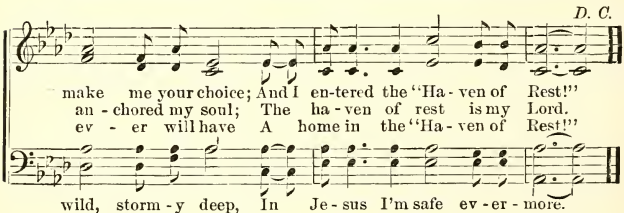
1. My soul, in sail ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has

CHORUS.—I've an - chored my soul in the hav - en of rest, I'll



burdened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off and I
 been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -

sail the wide seas no more; The tem - pest may sweep o'er the



make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

- 4 How precious the thought that we all
 may recline,
 Like John the beloved and blest,
 On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest
 can harm,—
 Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"
- 5 Oh, come to the Savior, he patiently
 waits
 To save by his power divine;
 Come, anchor your souls in the haven of
 rest,
 And say, "My Beloved is mine."

Home of the Soul.

Mrs. E. H. GATES.

Tune and chorus above.

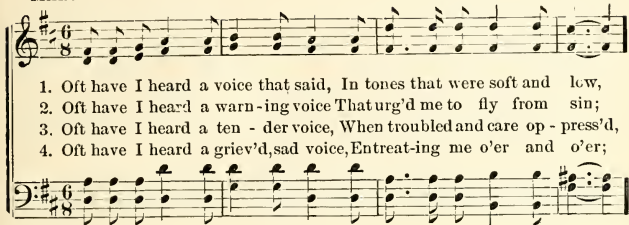
- 1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful
 land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glit -
 tering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 Oh, that home of the soul! in my vis -
 ions and dreams,
 Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
 Between that fair city and me.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you
 and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his
 hands.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau -
 tiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain;
 With songs on our lips and with harps in
 To meet one another again. [our hands

Copyright, 1889, by JOHN J. HOOD.

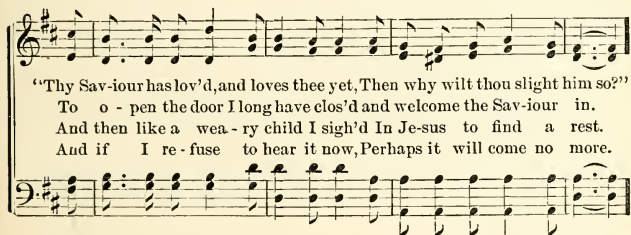
51 • Where is my Soul to-night?

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

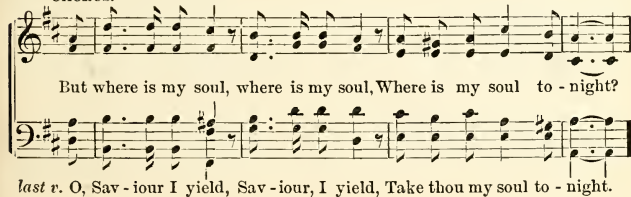


1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
 2. Oft have I heard a warn-ing voice That urg'd me to fly from sin;
 3. Oft have I heard a ten - der voice, When troubled and care op - press'd,
 4. Oft have I heard a griev'd, sad voice, Entreat-ing me o'er and o'er;

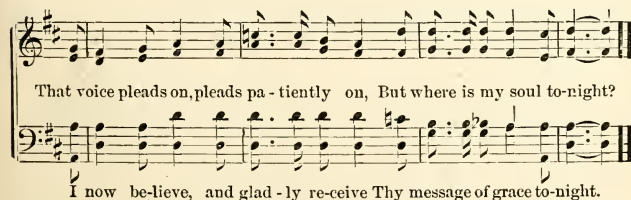


“Thy Sav-iour has lov'd, and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight him so?”
 To o - pen the door I long have clos'd and welcome the Sav-iour in.
 And then like a wea - ry child I sigh'd In Je-sus to find a rest.
 And if I re - fuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.

CHORUS.



But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to - night?
 last r. O, Sav - iour I yield, Sav - iour, I yield, Take thou my soul to - night.



That voice pleads on, pleads pa - tiently on, But where is my soul to-night?
 I now be-lieve, and glad - ly re-ceive Thy message of grace to-night.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. There's naught on earth to rest on, All things are chang ing here;
 2. The sweet-est flow'r that blooms here, And sheds its fra-grance round,
 3. Clouds oft o'er-cast our sun-shine, So beau-ti-ful, so bright,
 4. And friend-ship's smile a-vails not To cheer us here be-low,
 5. And while stern time moves on-ward, And nears e-ter-ni-ty,

The smiles of joy we gaze on; The friends we hold so dear.
 Ere ev-'ning comes has with-ered, And lies up-on the ground.
 And while we still ad-mire it, It dark-ens in-to night.
 For smiles are oft de- ceit-ful, And lure to o-ver-throw.
 The hand of death brings chang-es In-ev-'ry thing we see.

One Friend a-lone is change-less, The One too oft for-got,
 The dark and drear-y des-ert, That hath not one green spot
 One sky a-lone is cloud-less, Where dark-ness com-eth not;
 One smile a-lone can glad-den, What-e'er the pil-grim's lot;
 But faith has found a Sav-ior Whose prom-ise fail-eth not;

Whose love hath stood for a- ges, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
 A-bounds in liv-ing pas-tures; With him who chang-eth not.
 'Tis found a-lone with Je-sus, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
 It is the smile of Je-sus, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
 Our life is hid with Je-sus, And Je-sus chang-eth not.

Mrs. KATE M. REASONER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will bid me rise and come
 2. Many-a wea-ry path I've traveled, In the dark-est storm and strife,
 3. Man-y friends that traveled with me Reached that por-tal long a-go;
 4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was short-er, And their triumphs soon-er won;
 5. Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleas-ure, For thy time and ways are best;

To the glo-ry of his pres-ence, To the glad-ness of his home.
 Bearing many-a heav-y bur-den,— Oft-en strug-gling for my life.
 One by one they left me hat-ting With the dark and craft-y foe.
 Oh, how lov-ing-ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.
 Hear me, Lord, for I am wea-ry; O my Fa-ther, bid me rest.

CHORUS.

They are watch-ing at the por-tal, They are wait-
 Th-y are watch-ing, they are watch-ing at the portal, They are wait-ing, they are

-ing at the door; Wait-ing on-ly for my
 wait-ing at the door; Wait-ing on-ly, wait-ing on-ly for my

com-ing, All the loved..... ones gone be-fore.
 com-ing, All the loved ones, All the loved ones gone be-fore.

SALLIE M. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith we stand,
 2. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Whereso oft 'tis ours to be,
 3. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Where he bids me come and rest,
 4. If on earth our souls are hon - or'd With such vis - ions of de - light,

While we drink the crys - tal wa - ters Flow - ing down from E - den's land.
 In the bright - ness of his pres ence, Christ, our Lord, re veal'd we see.
 Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Mak - ing each a wel - come guest.
 Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight.

CHORUS.

How the heart its toil for - gets, In the
 How the heart, its toil for - gets,

joy..... In the ful -
 In the joy we there be - hold; there be - hold; In the

ness
 ful - ness of his love, of his love, That is bet - ter felt than told.

God be with You.

"Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

2 Cor. i. 2.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER. By per.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se - cure - ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float ing

hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you; Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
 found you, Put his arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

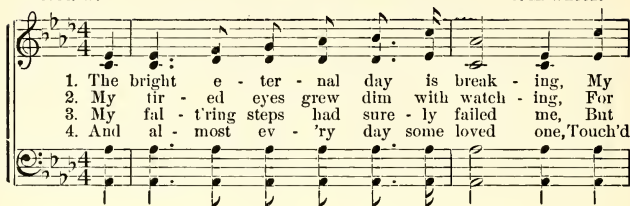
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, . . . Till we
 Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain, . . . till we meet;

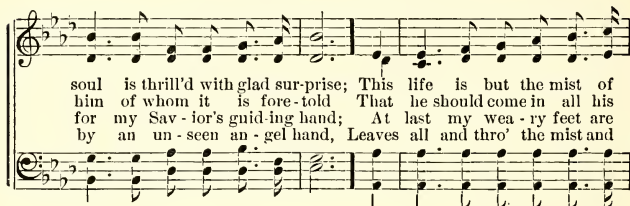
meet, . . . till we meet God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet again,

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

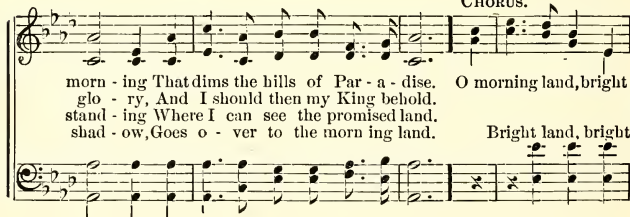


1. The bright e - ter - nal day is break - ing, My
 2. My tir - ed eyes grew dim with watch - ing, For
 3. My fal - t'ring steps had sure - ly failed me, But
 4. And al - most ev - 'ry day some loved one, Touch'd

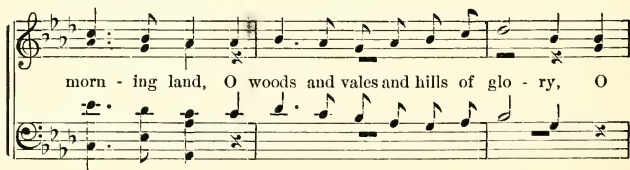


soul is thrill'd with glad sur-prise; This life is but the mist of
 him of whom it is fore-told That he should come in all his
 for my Sav - ior's guid-ing hand; At last my wea - ry feet are
 by an un - seen an - gel hand, Leaves all and thro' the mist and

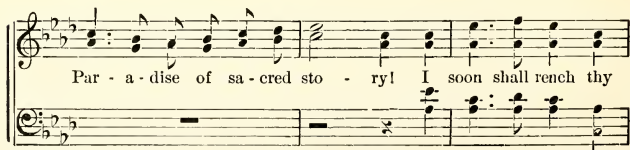
CHORUS.



morn - ing That dims the hills of Par - a - dise. O morning land, bright
 glo - ry, And I should then my King behold.
 stand - ing Where I can see the promised land.
 shad - ow, Goes o - ver to the morn ing land. Bright land, bright



morn - ing land, O woods and vales and hills of glo - ry, O



Par - a - dise of sa - cred sto - ry! I soon shall rench thy

Bright Morning Land.—Concluded.

shin - ing strand, O morn - ing land, bright morn - ing land!

57 He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Jesus laid his crown a side, He came to save me; When on the cross he
2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O, praise his name, I
3. With gentle hand he leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting him I
4. To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To him my heart looks

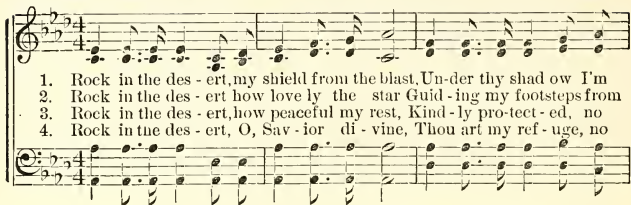
CHORUS.

bled and died, He came to save me.
 know it well, He came to save me { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 fear no ill, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 up and sings, He came to save me.

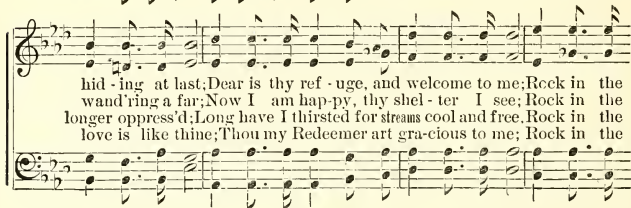
I'm so glad that Je- sus came, And grace is free,
 I'm so glad that Je- sus came, He *Omit*..... came to save me.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

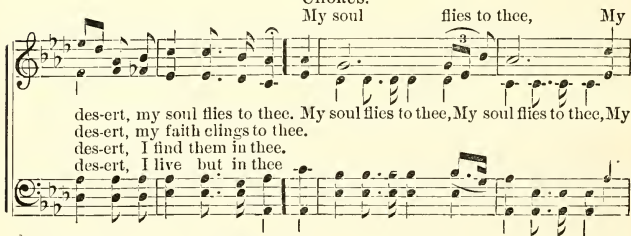


1. Rock in the des - ert, my shield from the blast, Un - der thy shad ow I'm
 2. Rock in the des - ert how love ly the star Guid - ing my footsteps from
 3. Rock in the des - ert, how peaceful my rest, Kind - ly pro - tect - ed, no
 4. Rock in the des - ert, O, Sav - ior di - vine, Thou art my ref - uge, no

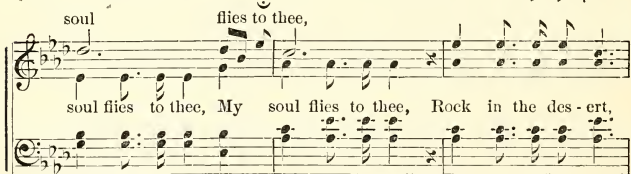


hid - ing at last; Dear is thy ref - uge, and welcome to me; Rock in the
 wand'ring a far; Now I am hap - py, thy shel - ter I see; Rock in the
 longer oppress'd; Long have I thirsted for streams cool and free. Rock in the
 love is like thine; Thou my Redeemer art gra - cious to me; Rock in the

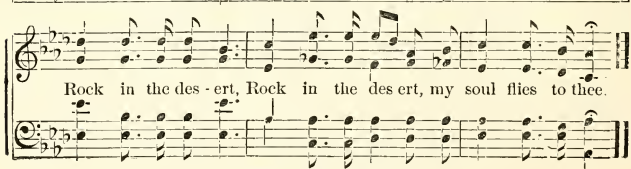
CHORUS.



My soul flies to thee, My
 des - ert, my soul flies to thee. My soul flies to thee, My soul flies to thee, My
 des - ert, my faith clings to thee.
 des - ert, I find them in thee.
 des - ert, I live but in thee.



soul flies to thee,
 soul flies to thee, My soul flies to thee, Rock in the des - ert,



Rock in the des - ert, Rock in the des ert, my soul flies to thee.

I could not do Without Thee.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 6.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

SIGISMUND THALBERG. Arr.

Andante.

1. I could not do with-out thee, O Sav-ior of the lost,
 2. I could not do with-out thee, I can-not stand a-lone;
 3. I could not do with-out* thee, For years are fleet-ing fast,

Whose precious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;
 I have no strength or good-ness, No wis-dom of my own;
 And soon in sol-emn si-lence, The riv-er must be passed;

Thy right-eousness, thy par-don, Thy sac-ri-fice, must be
 But thou, be-lov-ed Sav-ior, Art all in all to me,
 But thou wilt nev-er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high,

Rit.
 My on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea.
 And weak-ness will be pow-er, If lean-ing hard on thee.
 I know thou wilt be near me And whis-per, "It is I."

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

C. H. G.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light,
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound, Send the light,
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light,
 Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en off-'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
 Send the light!

*The first eight measures, (or
 CHORUS. Bass Solo,) may be omitted.*

Send the light!.....Send the light!..... We will spread the
 Send the light! Send the light! We will spread..... the ev - er-
 BASS SOLO.

ev - er-last-ing light, With a will-ing, willing heart and hand.
 last - ing light With a will - ing heart and hand..... Giv - ing

Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev-er-more, We will fol-low,
 God..... the glo-ry ev - er - more, We will fol-low His com-

Send the Light—Concluded.

follow His command, Send the light, the blessed gos - pel light, Let it
mand..... Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light

shine.....from shore to shore. Send the light! and let its
let it shine, From shore to shore! Send the light! and

ra-diant beams Light the world for-ev - er - more.....
let its ra-diant beams Light the world for - ev - er - more.

61

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY, L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eyelids gent - ly steep,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Sav ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

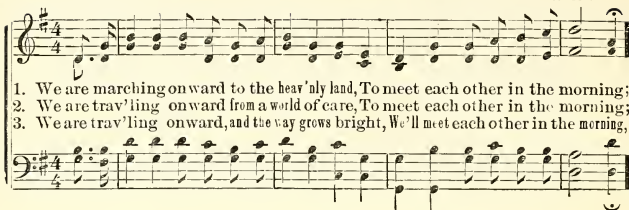
4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin,

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

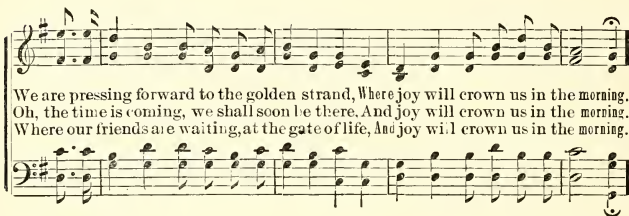
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

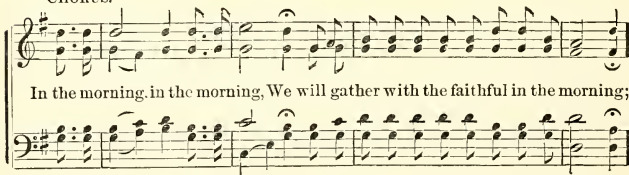


1. We are marching onward to the heav'nly land, To meet each other in the morning;
 2. We are trav'ling onward from a world of care, To meet each other in the morning;
 3. We are trav'ling onward, and the way grows bright, We'll meet each other in the morning,

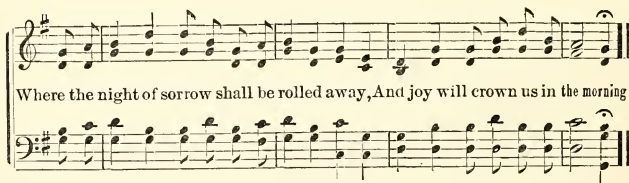


We are pressing forward to the golden strand, Where joy will crown us in the morning.
 Oh, the time is coming, we shall soon be there. And joy will crown us in the morning.
 Where our friends are waiting, at the gate of life, And joy will crown us in the morning.

CHORUS.



In the morning, in the morning, We will gather with the faithful in the morning;



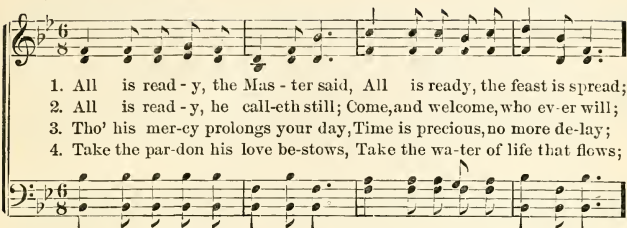
Where the night of sorrow shall be rolled away, And joy will crown us in the morning.

- 4 Where the hills are blooming on the other shore,
 We'll meet each other in the morning!
 Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more,
 And joy will crown us in the morn-
- 5 In the boundless rapture of a Savior's love
 We'll meet each other in the morning;
 Then we'll sing his glory in the realms above.
 And joy will crown us in the morning,

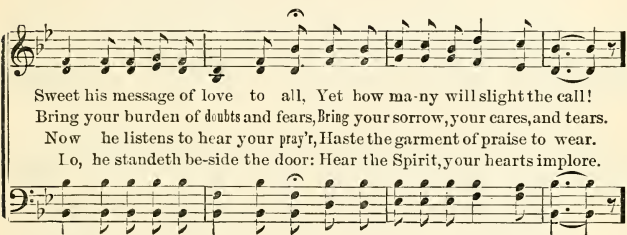
All is Ready.

SALLIE L. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

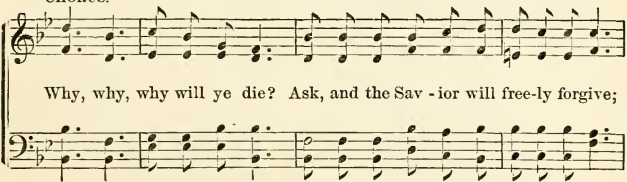


1. All is read - y, the Mas - ter said, All is ready, the feast is spread;
 2. All is read - y, he call-eth still; Come, and welcome, who ev-er will;
 3. Tho' his mer-cy prolongs your day, Time is precious, no more de-lay;
 4. Take the par-don his love be-stows, Take the wa-ter of life that flows;

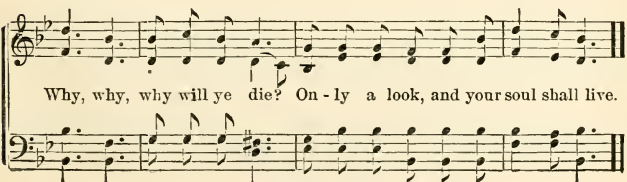


Sweet his message of love to all, Yet how ma-ny will slight the call!
 Bring your burden of doubts and fears, Bring your sorrow, your cares, and tears.
 Now he listens to hear your pray'r, Haste the garment of praise to wear.
 Lo, he standeth be-side the door: Hear the Spirit, your hearts implore.

CHORUS.



Why, why, why will ye die? Ask, and the Sav - ior will free-ly forgive;

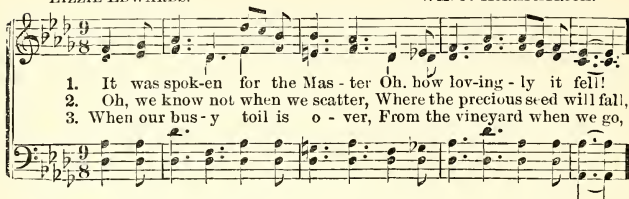


Why, why, why will ye die? On - ly a look, and your soul shall live.

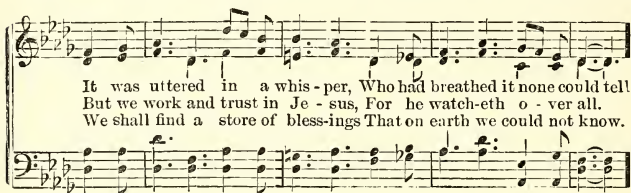
64 It Was Spoken for the Master.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

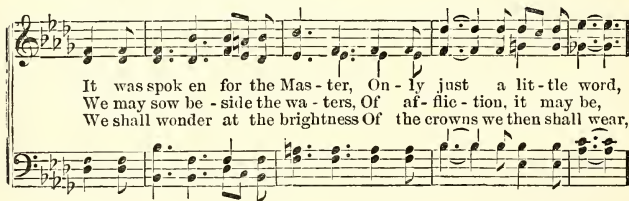
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



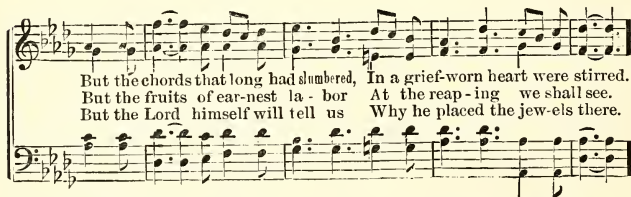
1. It was spok-en for the Mas-ter Oh, how lov-ing-ly it fell!
 2. Oh, we know not when we scatter, Where the precious seed will fall,
 3. When our bus-y toil is o-ver, From the vineyard when we go,



It was uttered in a whis-per, Who had breathed it none could tell
 But we work and trust in Je-sus, For he watch-eth o-ver all.
 We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.

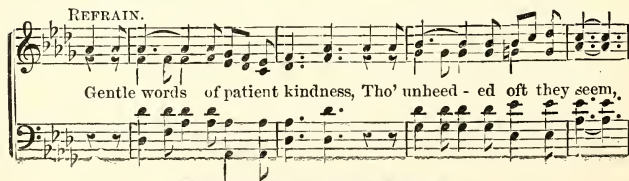


It was spok en for the Mas-ter, On-ly just a lit-tle word,
 We may sow be-side the wa-ters, Of af-flic-tion, it may be,
 We shall wonder at the bright-ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,



But the chords that long had slumbered, In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
 But the fruits of ear-nest la-bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
 But the Lord him-self will tell us Why he placed the jew-els there.

REFRAIN.



Gentle words of patient kindness, Tho' unheed-ed oft they seem,

It Was Spoken for the Master—Concluded.

ad lib.

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we lit-tle dream.

65 If Any Man Thirst.

J. J. L.

J. J. LOWE.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. If any man thirst, the Savior said, The water of life is free;...
 2. Look unto me and be ye saved, He pleadeth with lov-ing voice;...
 3. I am the Door; by me, he said, If an-y man en-ter in,....
 4. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, Oh, hear our dear Savior say;...

Come unto me and drink and live; O brother, it flows for thee....
 Will you not look to Je sus now, And make him your on-ly choice?
 He shall be saved for-ev-er-more, And ful-ly re-deemed from sin.
 He bids thee come with all thy sin, Oh, come and be saved to-day.

CHORUS.

Will you not come to him to-day? Will you not come to-day?

Come unto him and drink and live; Oh, will you not come to-day?...

Sweetly Resting.

(Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.)

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.

1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest ing, Safe-ly shel-ter'd, I a - bide;
 2. Long pur-sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
 3. Peace, which pass-eth un-der stand ing, Joy, the world can nev-er give,
 4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past

There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While within the cleft I hide.
 Then I found this heav'n-ly shelter, O-pened in my Sav-ior's breast.
 Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In his smiles of love I live.
 All se - cure in this blest ref uge, Heed-ing not the fierc - est blast.

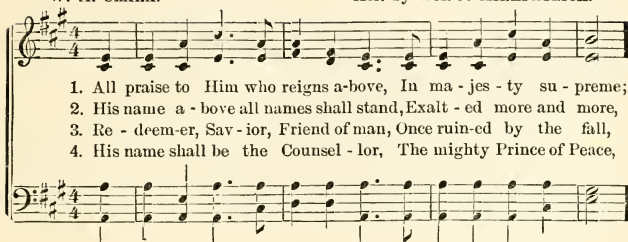
REFRAIN.

Now I'm rest - ing, Sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me:

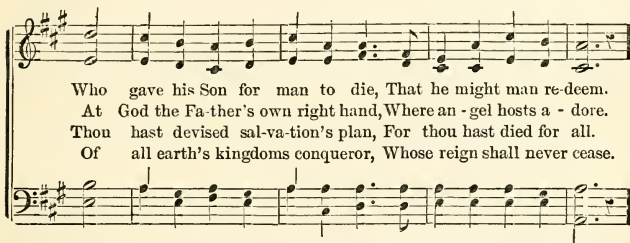
Je - sus, bless ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my-self in thee,

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

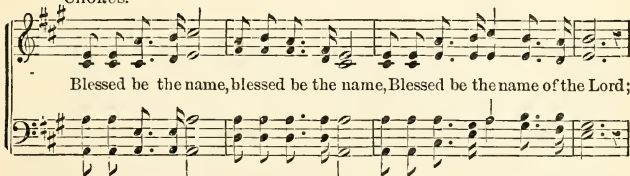


1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma-jes-ty su-preme;
 2. His name a-bove all names shall stand, Exalt-ed more and more,
 3. Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, Friend of man, Once ruin-ed by the fall,
 4. His name shall be the Counsel-lor, The mighty Prince of Peace,

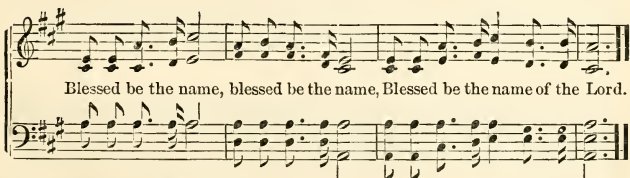


Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re-deem.
 At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
 Thou hast devised sal-va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

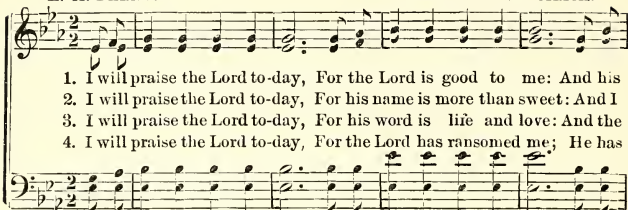
- 5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring, Their praise and homage meet;
 With rapturous awe adore their King, And worship at his feet.
- 6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 And in that world above
 Forever sing around the throne
 His everlasting love.

I will Praise the Lord To-day.

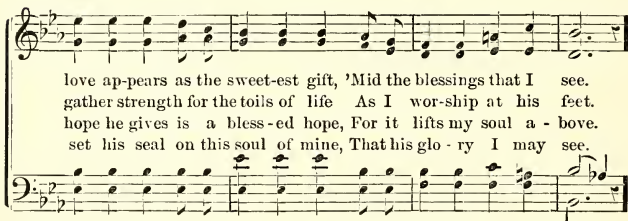
"With my song will I praise him."—Ps. xxviii. 7.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

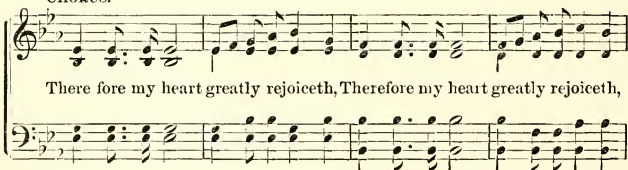


1. I will praise the Lord to-day, For the Lord is good to me: And his
 2. I will praise the Lord to-day, For his name is more than sweet: And I
 3. I will praise the Lord to-day, For his word is life and love: And the
 4. I will praise the Lord to-day, For the Lord has ransomed me; He has

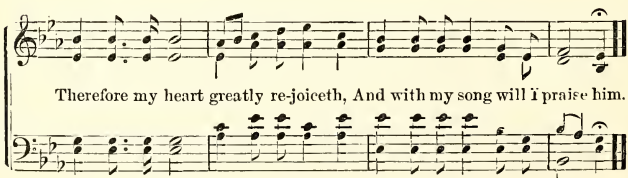


love ap-pears as the sweet-est gift, 'Mid the blessings that I see.
 gather strength for the toils of life As I wor-ship at his feet.
 hope he gives is a bless-ed hope, For it lifts my soul a - bove.
 set his seal on this soul of mine, That his glo - ry I may see.

CHORUS.



There fore my heart greatly rejoiceth, Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth,



Therefore my heart greatly re-joiceth, And with my song will I praise him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, ral - ly round the stand - ard Of Christ, our roy - al King; Oh,
 2. Tho' long and deep the shad - ows The drear - y night may bring, Our
 3. To yon - der gold - en re - gion Our faith now plumes her wing; Our
 4. To him who paid our ran - som, And took from death the sting, Be

CHORUS.
 ral - ly round his stand - ard, And hal - le - lu - jahs sing. For the
 lamps are trimm'd and burn - ing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
 hearts with joy are bound - ing, And hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
 ev - er - last - ing prais - es, Let hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

morn - ing draw - eth nigh. For the morn -
 morn - ing draweth nigh, For the morn - ing draweth nigh, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -

- ing draw - eth nigh; We can see..... it in the
 lu - jah! yes the morn - ing draweth nigh; We can see it, we can

dis - tance, We shall hear it, we shall hear it by and by. by and by.
 see it in the distance,

EDW. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sorrow here is not a stran-ger, Care ap-pears with ev'ry day; }
 And I meet with sin and dan-ger, As I walk the pilgrim's way. }
 2. Storms in life are oft prevailing, And the shad - ows oft-en fall; }
 Still, with Christian zeal unfailing, I would meet and brave them all. }

Sav-ior, keep thy cross before me, Thus by faith thy presence show;
 Sav-ior, be a Rock to hide me, And to me thy grace be-stow;

Savior, keep its shadow o'er me, While a pil - grim here below:
 Savior, be a Star to guide me, While a pil - grim here below:

Savior, keep its shadow o'er me, While a pil - grim, while a
 Savior, be a Star to guide me, While a pil - grim, while a

pil-grim here be - low.
 while a pilgrim, While a pilgrim here below.

3
 Hope and peace in thee possessing,
 By the Word that is divine;
 And thy holy name confessing,
 Faith is in this song of mine.
 Savior, help me tell thy story,
 Thus the precious seed to sow;
 :Savior, help me sing thy glory,
 While a pilgrim here below. ||

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1866.

P. P. BLISS, by per. *Fine.*

1. "Till He come!"—oh let the words Linger on the trem-bling chords;
 D. C.—*Let us think, how hear'n and home Lie be-yond that "TILL HE COME!"*
 2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a - hove,
 D. C.—*Hush! be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on - ly "TILL HE COME!"*

D. C.
 Let the "lit - tle while" be-tween In their gold - en light be seen;
 When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear;

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- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Pain us only "Till He come!"
- 4 See the feast of love is spread.
 Drink the wine and eat the bread;
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board,
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only "Till He come!"

- Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

73 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Music copyrighted by Oliver Ditson Co.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;
 Work, through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling;
 Work, 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work, in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeeth,
 Fadeeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

72 Just as I Am

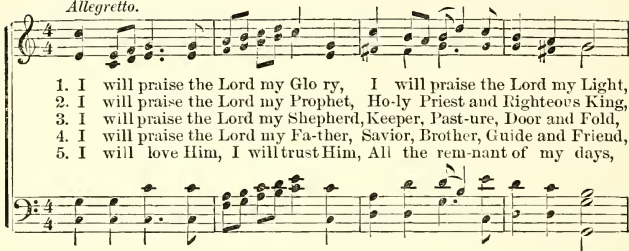
- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Psalm, cix. 30.

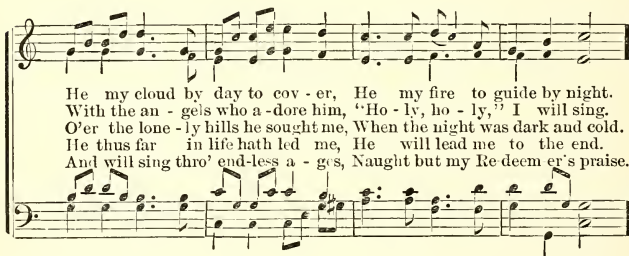
EL. NATHAN.

Allegretto.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

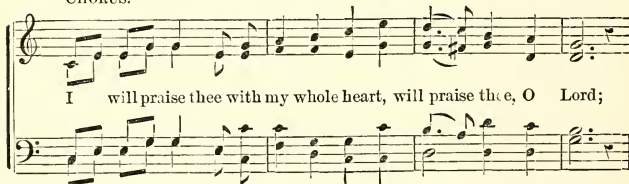


1. I will praise the Lord my Glo ry, I will praise the Lord my Light,
 2. I will praise the Lord my Prophet, Ho-ly Priest and Righteous King,
 3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keeper, Past-ure, Door and Fold,
 4. I will praise the Lord my Fa-ther, Savior, Brother, Guide and Friend,
 5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem-nant of my days,

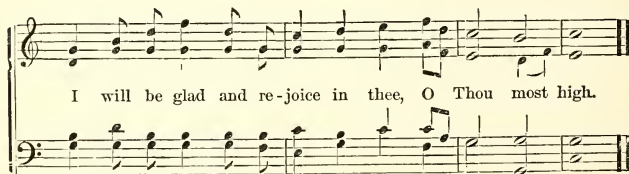


He my cloud by day to cov-er, He my fire to guide by night.
 With the an-gels who a-dore him, "Ho-ly, ho-ly," I will sing.
 O'er the lone-ly hills he sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
 He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
 And will sing thro' end-less a-ges, Naught but my Re-deem-er's praise.

CHORUS.



I will praise thee with my whole heart, will praise thee, O Lord;



I will be glad and re-joice in thee, O Thou most high.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry, oft we roam, But we
 2. O these ten - der bro-ken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
 3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the nar-row sea, And we
 4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

know 'twill all be well in the morning; When our anchor safely cast, Ev'ry
 jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
 hear the Savior's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
 watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

storm-y wave is past, And we gath-er safe at last in the morn-ing.
 robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there in the morn-ing.
 feet of Christ our King, What a cho-rus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
 love that crowns our days, And to Je-sus give the praise in the morn-ing.

D. S.—sun-ny re-gion bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

When we all meet a-gain in the morning, On the sweet, blooming

hills in the morning; Nev-er more to say good night In that

Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



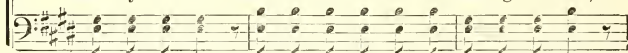
1. Thanks be to Je - sus, his mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of his good - ness, his patience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mer - cy is free,



Refrain.—Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is look - ing for thee, Look - ing for thee.



mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,
 mer - cy is free: Gen - tly the Spir - it is calling, "Come home,"
 mer - cy is free: Pleading thy cause with his Fa - ther a - bove,
 mer - cy is free: Come and this mo - ment a bless - ing re - ceive,



look - ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

Fine.

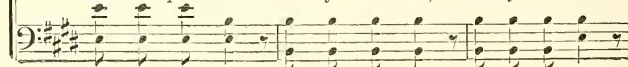
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	If thou art will - ing on
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Thou art in darkness, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Come and re - pent - ing, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Je - sus is wait - ing, O,



Call - ing and look - ing for thee.

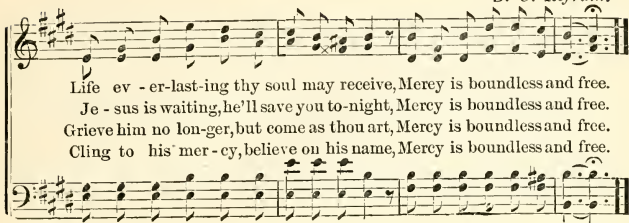


him to be - lieve,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
come to the light,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
give him thy heart,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
hear him pro - claim	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.



Mercy is Boundless and Free—Concluded.

D. C. Refrain.



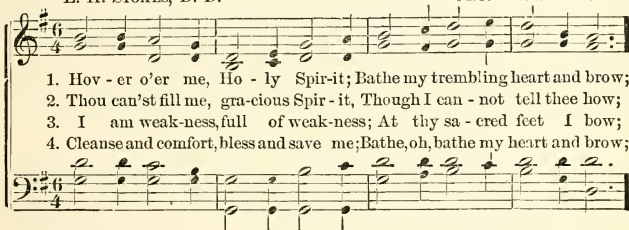
Life ev - er - last - ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Je - sus is waiting, he'll save you to - night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve him no lon - ger, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to his mer - cy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.

77

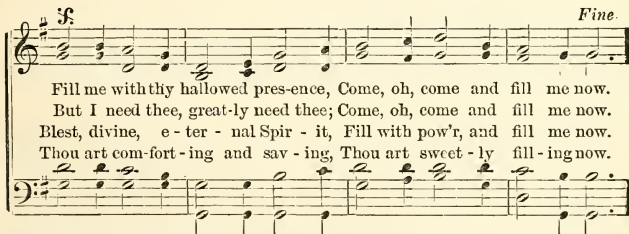
Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

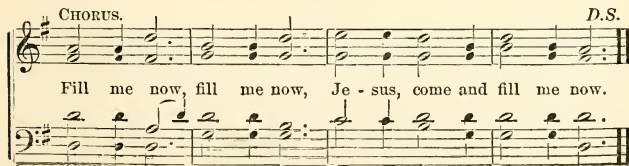


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell thee how;
 3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;



Fine.
 Fill me with thy hallowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need thee, great - ly need thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, divine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.



CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now.

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L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try-ing to fol-low our
 2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
 3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
 4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Upward, still upward we'll

Sav-ior and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless-ed ex-am-ple,
 turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to defend us,
 mer-cy and love, Look-ing to him for the grace free-ly promised,
 fol-low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau-ty,"

CHORUS.

Hap-py, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
 Hap-py, how happy, our praises each day.
 Hap-py, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
 Hap-py, how happy, our place at his side.

steps of the Sav-ior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Savior, Led in paths of light.

Matt. xiv. 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
 4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver-joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming King-dom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er

such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

Our Fatherland.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our Fatherland, thy name so dear Our souls repeat while strangers here;
 2. Above the stars, above the skies, Thy tow'ring hills majestic rise;
 3. There Jesus reigns, our Savior-King, And one by one his own will bring,
 4. No tears shall dim, no pain destroy The light of peace, the smile of joy;

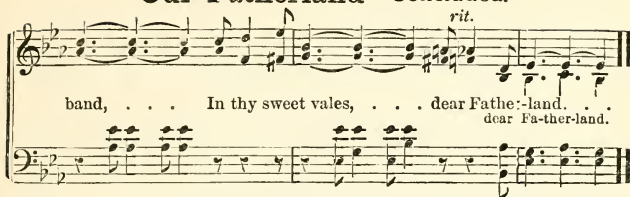
rit.
 And oh, how oft we sigh for thee, Our Fatherland beyond the sea.
 Thy sunny fields with verdure glow, And fadeless flowers in beauty grow.
 Thy songs to join, thy bliss to share, O Fatherland, our Zi - on fair.
 No more we'll clasp the parting hand Within thy gates, our Fatherland.

CHORUS.

Our Father-land, . . . dear Father-land, . . . We long to

press . . . thy golden strand . . . And hail the bright and shining
 We long to press, we long to press thy golden strand.

Our Fatherland--Concluded.



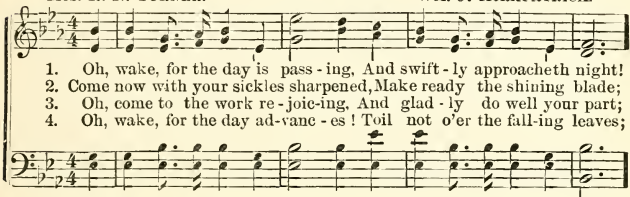
band, . . . In thy sweet vales, . . . dear Fa-ther-land. dear Fa-ther-land.

81 **Haste to the Field of Labor.**

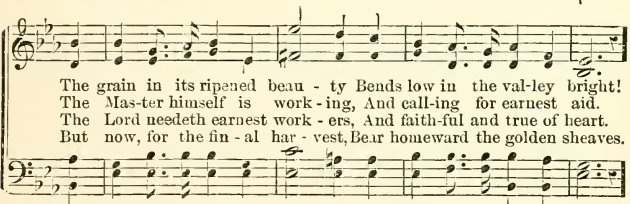
(Harvest Song.)

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

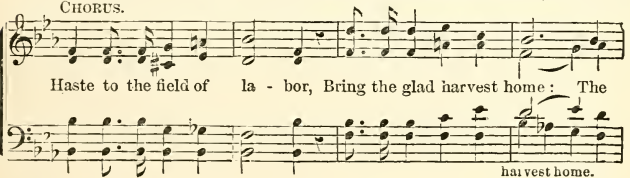


1. Oh, wake, for the day is pass - ing, And swift - ly approacheth night!
2. Come now with your sickles sharpened, Make ready the shining blade;
3. Oh, come to the work re - joic - ing, And glad - ly do well your part;
4. Oh, wake, for the day ad - vanc - es ! Toil not o'er the fall - ing leaves;

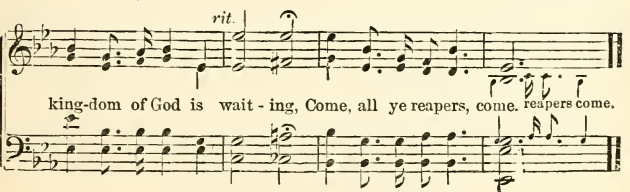


The grain in its ripened beau - ty Bends low in the val - ley bright!
 The Mas - ter himself is work - ing, And call - ing for earnest aid.
 The Lord needeth earnest work - ers, And faith - ful and true of heart.
 But now, for the fin - al har - vest, Bear homeward the golden sheaves.

CHORUS.



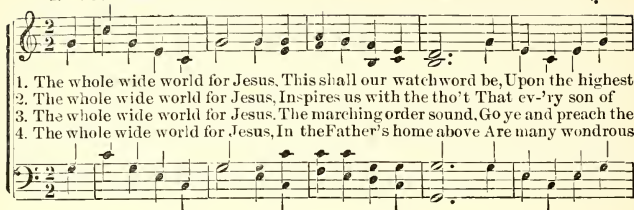
Haste to the field of la - bor, Bring the glad harvest home : The
 harvest home.



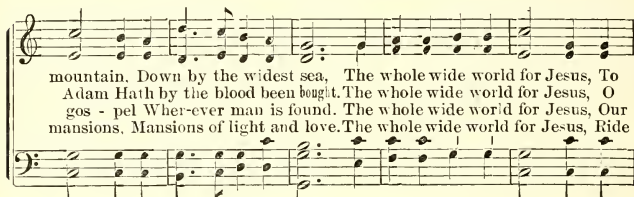
king - dom of God is wait - ing, Come, all ye reapers, come. reapers come.

Rev. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND.

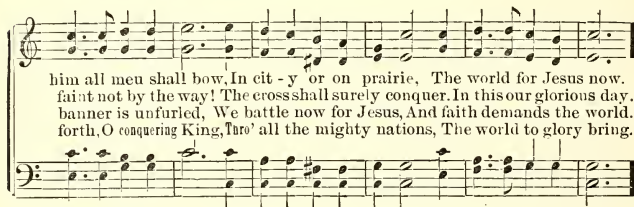
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,



1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watch word be, Upon the highest
 2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the tho't That ev'-ry son of
 3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the
 4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home above Are many wondrous

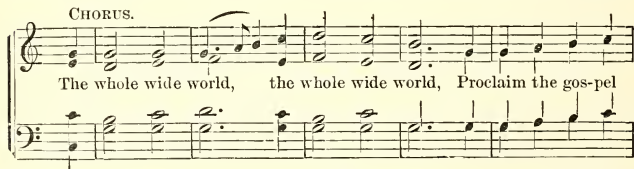


mountain. Down by the widest sea, The whole wide world for Jesus, To
 Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O
 gos - pel Wher-ever man is found. The whole wide world for Jesus, Our
 mansions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Jesus, Ride

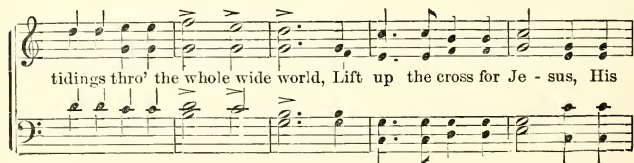


him all men shall bow, In cit - y or on prairie, The world for Jesus now.
 faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer. In this our glorious day,
 banner is unfurled, We battle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.
 forth, O conquering King, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.

CHORUS.



The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos-pel



tidings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

The Whole Wide World—Concluded.

banner be unfurled, Till ev'ry tongue confess Him, thro' the whole wide world.

83

Enough for Me.

Words and Music by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. O love sur-pass-ing knowl-edge! O grace so full and free;
2. O won-der-ful sal-va-tion! From sin he makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ so pre-cious, Poured out on Cal-va-ry!

Fine.
I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!
I feel the sweet as-sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me!
I feel its cleans-ing pow-er, And that's e-nough for me!

D. S. I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!

REFRAIN. *D. S.*
And that's c-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!

4 Oh. wondrous love of Jesus,
He tasted death for me;
He lives my King forever,
And that's enough for me.

5 His blessed Holy Spirit
With mine doth now agree;
He tells me—I'm adopted:
And that's enough for me.

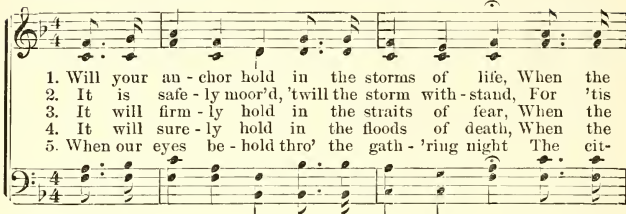
6 I have his sweet communion,
He walks—and talks with me,
And fills my life with gladness—
And that's enough for me.

7 His grace will be sufficient,
Till I his glory see,
Then safe at home forever—
And that's enough for me.

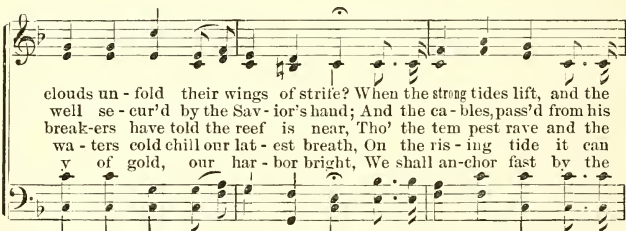
The last four verses were written by REV. JOHN PARKER.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

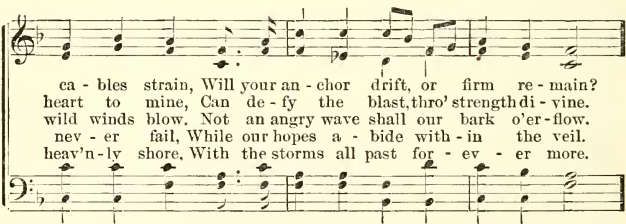
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the
 2. It is safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm with - stand, For 'tis
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the
 5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit -

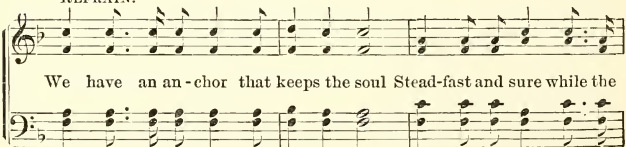


clouds un - fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
 well se - cur'd by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, pass'd from his
 break - ers have told the reef is near, 'Tho' the tem pest rave and the
 wa - ters cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can
 y of gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the



ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
 heart to mine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
 wild winds blow. Not an angry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.
 nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
 heav'n - ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er more.

REFRAIN.



We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the

We have an Anchor.--Concluded.

bil - lows roll, Fas - ten'd to the Rock which can - not move,

Ground - ed firm and deep In the Sav - ior's love.

85

The Sinner Invited.

Words and Music arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en? }
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv - en: }

D. C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.

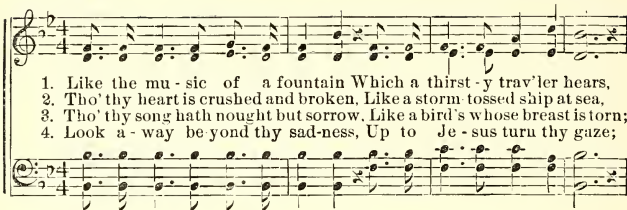
Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ing, D. C.

2. Where the saints rob'd in white,
Cleans'd in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

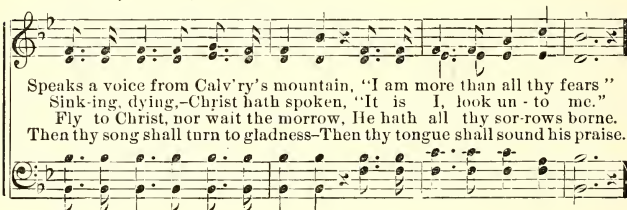
3. He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon
And forever cease pleading.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

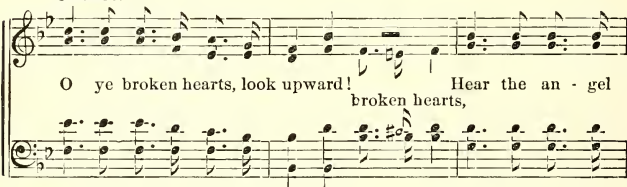


1. Like the mu - sic of a fountain Which a thirst - y trav'ler hears,
 2. Tho' thy heart is crushed and broken, Like a storm - tossed ship at sea,
 3. Tho' thy song hath nought but sorrow, Like a bird's whose breast is torn;
 4. Look a - way be - yond thy sad - ness, Up to Je - sus turn thy gaze;

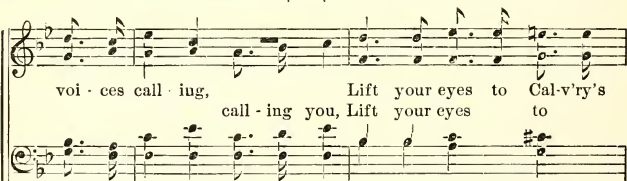


Speaks a voice from Calv'ry's mountain, "I am more than all thy fears"
 Sink - ing, dying, - Christ hath spoken, "It is I, look un - to me."
 Fly to Christ, nor wait the morrow, He hath all thy sor - rows borne.
 Then thy song shall turn to gladness - Then thy tongue shall sound his praise.

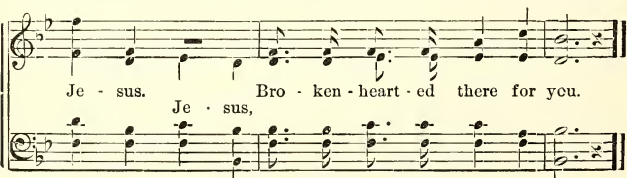
CHORUS.



O ye broken hearts, look upward! Hear the an - gel
 broken hearts,



voi - ces call - ing, Lift your eyes to Cal - v'ry's
 call - ing you, Lift your eyes to



Je - sus. Je - sus, Bro - ken - heart - ed there for you.

They Crucified Him.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done,
 2. From heav - en he came, he loved you—he died:
 3. No pi - ty - ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none,
 4. They cru - ci - fied him, and yet he for - gave,
 5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

Be - hold how he suf - fered for thee: They cru - ci - fied him,
 Such love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold; on the cross
 He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone; in the fight,
 "My Fa - ther, for - give them," he cried, What must he have borne,
 Say, how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day

God's in - no - cent Son, For - sak - en, He died on the tree!
 your King cru - ci - fied. To make you an heir to his throne!
 the vict - 'ry he won; O praise him, ye chil - dren of men.
 the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den he died!
 of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?

CHORUS.

They cru - ci - fied him, they cru - ci - fied him, They nailed him to the tree,

And so there he died, A King crucified To save a poor sinner like me.
 like me.

Home at Last.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Melody by M. LINDSAY. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from you-der strand
 2. O, the long and sweet re - un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease,
 3. Look be-yond, the skies are clear-ing; See, the mist dis-solves a - way;

Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, sum-mer land;
 O, the greet-ing, end-less greet-ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace;
 Soon our eyes will catch the dawn-ing Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;

They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor-dan they have pass'd,
 Where the hop-ing and de-spond-ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
 Soon the shad-ows will be lift - ed That a - round us now are cast,

And with millions they are shout-ing, Home at last, home at last:
 And we en - ter life e - ter-nal,—Home at last, home at last:
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:

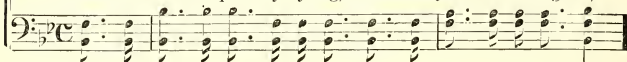
And with millions they are shout-ing, Home at last, home at last:
 And we en - ter life e - ter-nal,—Home at last, home at last:
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:

HARRIET. B. MCKEEVER.

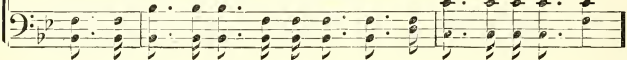
JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.

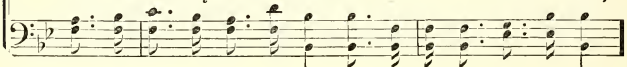
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on,
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are rolling on;
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth er, While the years are rolling on;
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are rolling on;



Christian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on.
 Time is fly - ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.
 Seek to raise a fall - en brother, While the years are rolling on.
 No more part - ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.



While our jour - ney we pur - sue, With the ha - ven still in view,
 Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin;
 This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, thro'-out ere - a - tion's land,
 In the world be - yond the tomb Sor - row nev - er more can come,



There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
 We may bring the wand'ers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
 Ar - mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
 When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.



While the Years are rolling on—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Are roll-ing or Are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on,

Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the years are rolling on.

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91

Beautiful Land.

Rev. JONATHAN HALL.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor-row free,
2. That beautiful land, the City of Light, it ne'er has known the shades of night;
3. In vis-ion I see its Streets of gold, its beau-ti-ful gates I too behold;

The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair, And beautiful an-gels, too are there.
The glo-ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far away.
The riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, The am-bro-sial fruit of life's fair tree.

CHORUS.

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me? land?

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JAMES S. APPLE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found the Sav - ior precious, And I love him more and more;
 I have found the Sav - ior precious, And I find him precious still;
 2. I have found the Sav - ior precious, And, wher - ev - er I may go,
 I am read - y, if he calls me, In the bat - tle front to stand;

He has rolled a - way my bur - den, And my mourning days are o'er; }
 All my life is con - se - crat - ed To his (Omit.) }
 I will bear the roy - al standard, And its col - ors I will show; }
 I am read - y - yes, and waiting - To ful - (Omit.) }

CHORUS.
 service and his will. I have tak - - - en up the cross, And will
 fill my Lord's command. I have taken up the cross, And will never lay it down, I have

nev - - er lay it down Till I see..... his face in
 taken up the cross, And will never lay it down Till I see his face in glo - ry, Till I

glo - - ry, And re - ceive..... a star - ry crown.
 see his face in glo - ry, And re - ceive a star - ry crown, a star - ry crown.

3 I have found the Savior precious;
 Hallelujah! praise his name!
 To a mansion in his kingdom
 Through his grace the right I claim.

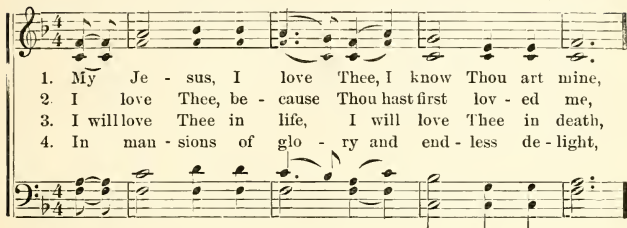
I have found the Savior precious;
 He has proved my dearest Friend;
 And my faith can trust his promise
 Of protection to the end.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

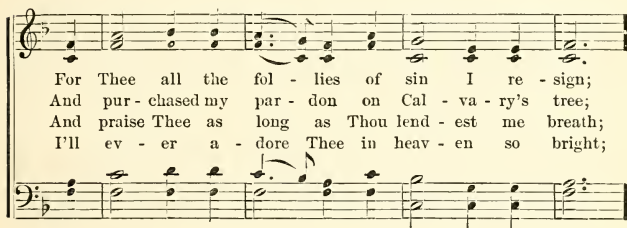
"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864.

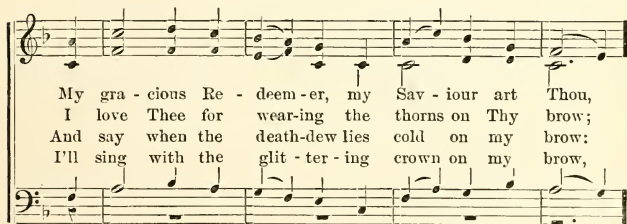
A. J. GORDON. By per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow:
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

JESSIE H. BAKER.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. From a pal - ace to a man - ger, Once the Sav - ior came; Poor, de -
 2. On the cross, his arms ex - tended, There my Sav - ior dies; In a
 3. Wide are flung the gates of brightness, List the heav'n - ly strains! On a

spis'd, and call'd a stranger; This, my Sav - ior's fame. Down in pa - thways dark and
 grave—his life-work ended, There my Sav - ior lies, From the tomb, death's fetters
 throne of dazzling whiteness, Now my Savior reigns, And to see him in his

drear - y, Still my Sav - ior goes, Cheering hearts grown faint and weary, Bear - ing
 rend - ing, See my Sav - ior rise, Back to heav'n to home ascending, Lo! he
 beau - ty On the hills of God; I must tread the path of du - ty, That my

CHORUS.

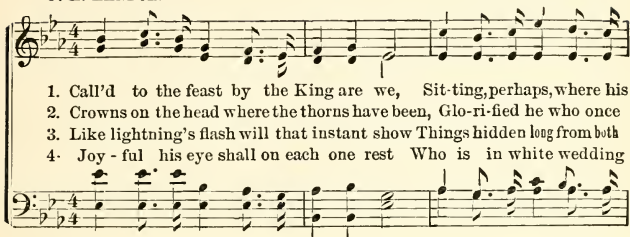
oth - ers' woes. My Lord was cru - ci - fied for me, Up - on the cross he
 mounts the skies.
 Sav - ior trod.

died for me, And I will love thee, my Sav - ior; For thou hast first lov'd me.

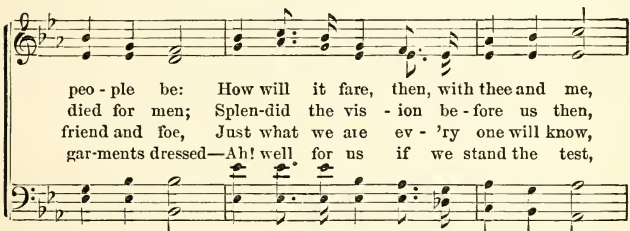
When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR.

E. S. LORENZ.

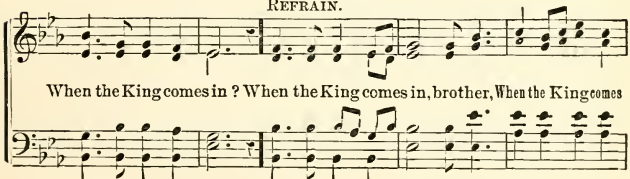


1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy-ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

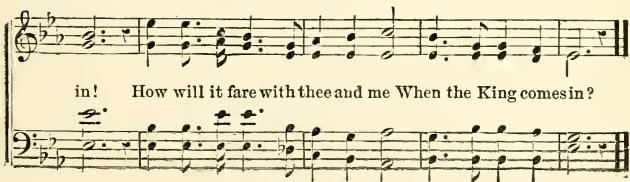


peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
 died for men; Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
 gar-ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.



When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes



in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

From "Songs of Grace," by per.

He's Mighty to Save.

E. E. HEWITT.

Isaiah lxiii. 1.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus is waiting his grace to be-stow; Sin "red like crimson" he
 2. Standing a-lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Lead-er his
 3. Take him the burden that weighs on your heart, Take him the trouble, he'll
 4. Up from the val-ley the darkness is gone When Jesus brings there the

makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, his life-blood he gave;
 might will pre-vail; Or if a bless - ing for oth - ers we crave,
 com - fort im - part; Held by his hand we can walk on the wave;
 beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad vic - t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Re-deem - er! he's might-y to save. Might-y to save,
 Pray on, be - liev-ing, - he's might-y to save.
 Look up to Je - sus, he's might-y to save.
 Glo - ry to Je - sus, he's might-y to save.

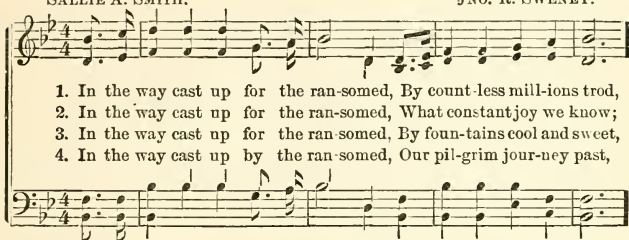
might - y to save, Je - sus is might-y to save;
 is might - y to save, he is

Might - y to save, might-y to save, Je - sus is mighty to save.

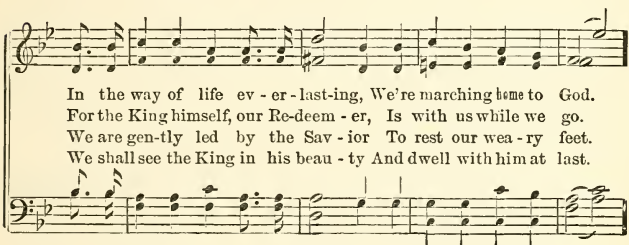
97 Marching in the King's Highway.

SALLIE A. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

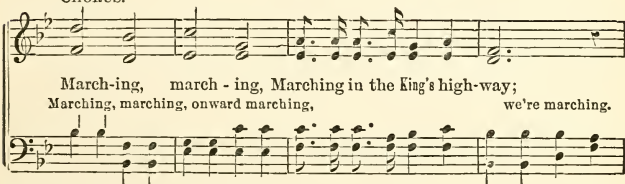


1. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, By count-less mill-ions trod,
 2. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, What constant joy we know;
 3. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, By foun-tains cool and sweet,
 4. In the way cast up by the ran-somed, Our pil-grim jour-ney past,

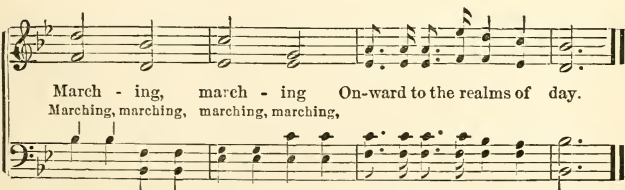


In the way of life ev - er - last-ing, We're marching home to God.
 For the King himself, our Re-deem - er, Is with us while we go.
 We are gen-tly led by the Sav - ior To rest our wea - ry feet.
 We shall see the King in his beau - ty And dwell with him at last.

CHORUS.



March-ing, march - ing, Marching in the King's high-way;
 Marching, marching, onward marching, we're marching.

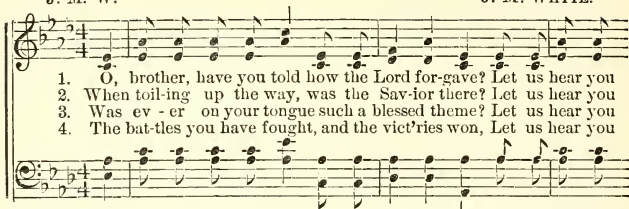


March - ing, march - ing On-ward to the realms of day.
 Marching, marching, marching, marching,

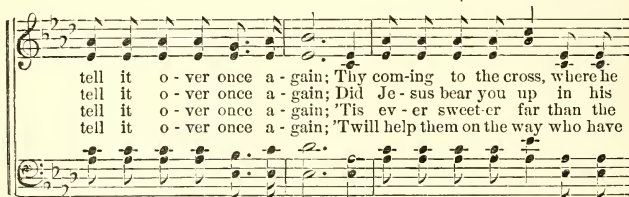
Let us Hear you Tell It.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.



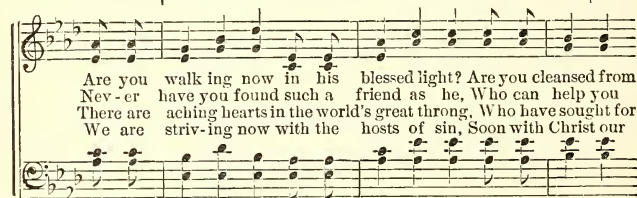
1. O, brother, have you told how the Lord for-gave? Let us hear you
2. When toil-ing up the way, was the Sav-ior there? Let us hear you
3. Was ev - er on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you
4. The bat-tles you have fought, and the vict'ries won, Let us hear you



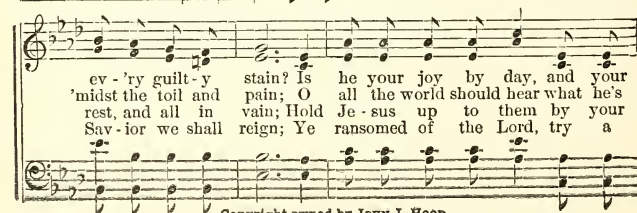
tell it o - ver once a - gain; Thy com-ing to the cross, where he
 tell it o - ver once a - gain; Did Je - sus bear you up in his
 tell it o - ver once a - gain; 'Tis ev - er sweet-er far than the
 tell it o - ver once a - gain; 'Twill help them on the way who have



died to save, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 ten - der care? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 sweetest dream, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 just be - gun, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.



Are you walk ing now in his blessed light? Are you cleansed from
 Nev - er have you found such a friend as he, Who can help you
 There are aching hearts in the world's great throng, Who have sought for
 We are striv-ing now with the hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our



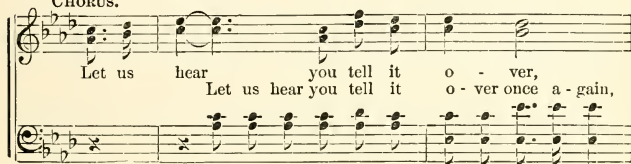
ev - 'ry guilt - y stain? Is he your joy by day, and your
 'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should hear what he's
 rest, and all in vain; Hold Je - sus up to them by your
 Sav - ior we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a

Let us Hear you Tell It—Concluded.

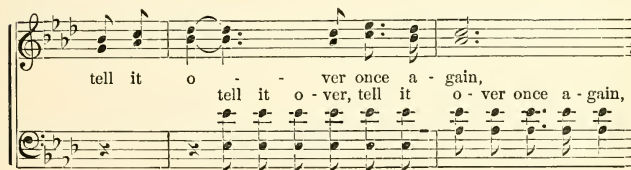


song by night? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 done for thee; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 word and song; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 soul to win; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

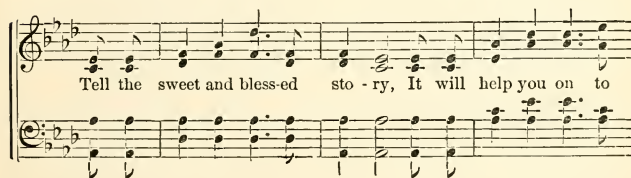
CHORUS.




Let us hear you tell it o - ver,
 Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain,



tell it o - ver once a - gain,
 tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver once a - gain,



Tell the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry, It will help you on to



glo - ry, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.

1. O Je-sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my contrite heart;
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed-ing side;
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled away.

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 Oh, let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wert cru - ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I'm happy night and day!

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100 Crown Him Lord of All.

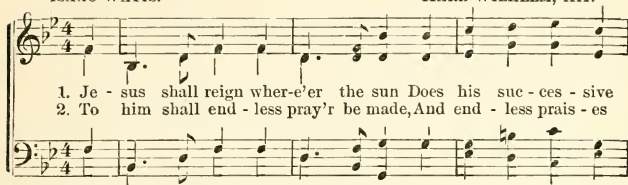
- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fixed this earthly ball;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

101 The Morning Light is Breaking.

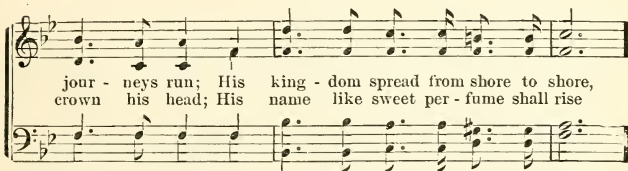
- 1 The morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

ISAAC WATTS.

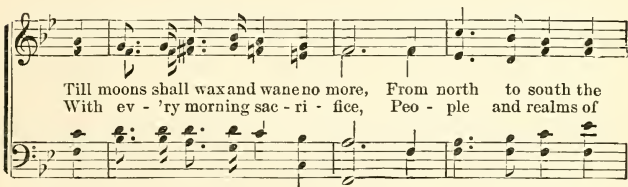
KARL WILHELM, Arr.



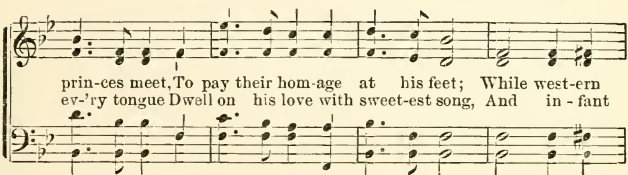
1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive
2. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es



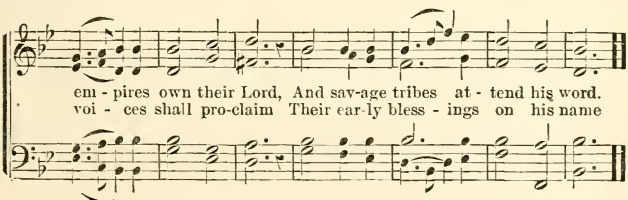
jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore,
crown his head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise



Till moons shall wax and wane no more, From north to south the
With ev - 'ry morning sac - ri - fice, Peo - ple and realms of



prin - ces meet, To pay their hom - age at his feet; While west - ern
ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweet - est song, And in - fant



em - pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word.
voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on his name

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry laud, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves.

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

SALLIE E. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Go to thy Sav - ior, O sad and op - prest, Pil - low thy head on his
 2. Hast thou temptations? he knoweth them all, Seeth thy tears, like the
 3. Art thou dis - couraged thy la - bor to see, Yielding no fruit of re -
 4. Leave to the Savior the work thou hast wrought, Think not thy seed has been

kind, lov - ing breast; Nev - er a tri - al but Je - sus can feel,
 raindrops that fall; Hast thou been watching while others have slept?
 joic - ing for thee? Wea - ry of sow - ing thy seed on the plain,
 scat - tered for naught; Je - sus has guard - ed each blade as it grew,

CHORUS.

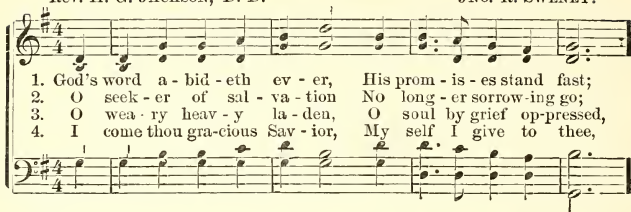
Nev - er a sor - row his love will not heal. He was af - flict - ed
 O - ver thy spir - it a watch he has kept.
 Waiting the harvest and reaping in vain.
 He has refreshed it with sunlight and dew.

and troubled as thou, Go to thy Sav - ior, he calleth thee now;

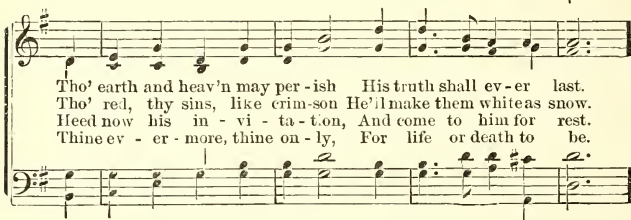
Go with thy burden, whatever it be, Jesus will tenderly share it with thee.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

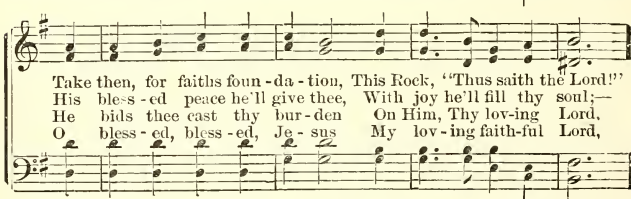
JNO. R. SWENEY.



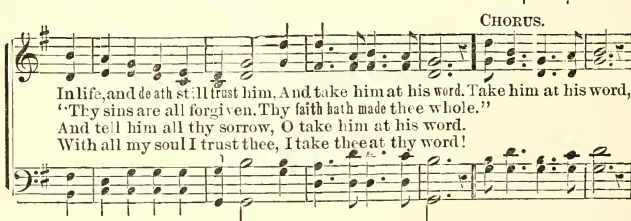
1. God's word a - bid - eth ev - er, His prom - is - es stand fast;
 2. O seek - er of sal - va - tion No long - er sorrow - ing go;
 3. O wea - ry heav - y la - den, O soul by grief op - pressed,
 4. I come thou gra - cious Sav - ior, My self I give to thee,



Tho' earth and heav'n may per - ish His truth shall ev - er last.
 Tho' red, thy sins, like crim - son He'll make them white as snow.
 Heed now his in - vi - ta - tion, And come to him for rest.
 Thine ev - er - more, thine on - ly, For life or death to be.

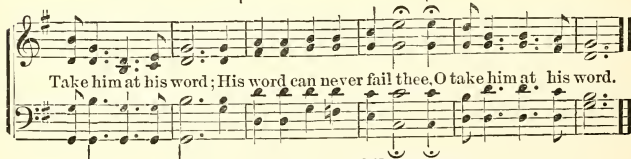


Take then, for faiths foun - da - tion, This Rock, "Thus saith the Lord!"
 His ble - s - ed peace he'll give thee, With joy he'll fill thy soul;—
 He bids thee cast thy bur - den On Him, Thy lov - ing Lord,
 O ble - s - ed, ble - s - ed, Je - sus My lov - ing faith - ful Lord,



CHORUS.

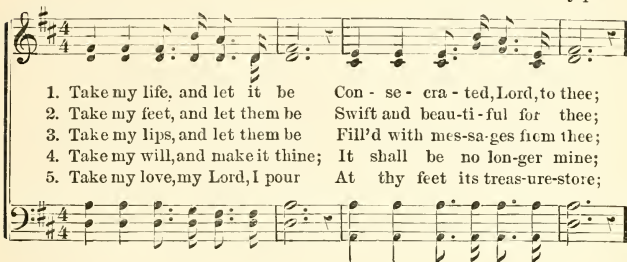
In life, and death still trust him, And take him at his word. Take him at his word,
 "Thy sins are all forgiven. Thy faith hath made thee whole."
 And tell him all thy sorrow, O take him at his word.
 With all my soul I trust thee, I take thee at thy word!



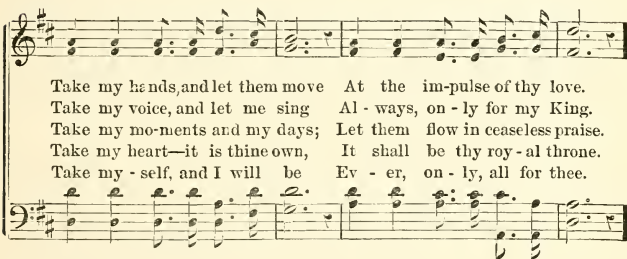
Take him at his word; His word can never fail thee, O take him at his word.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

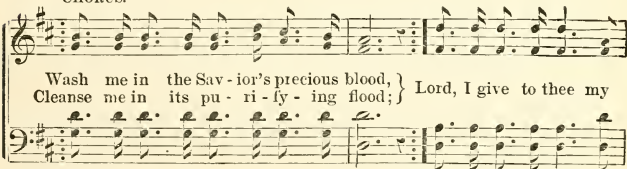


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-ges from thee;
 4. Take my will, and make it thine; It shall be no lon-ger mine;
 5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure-store;

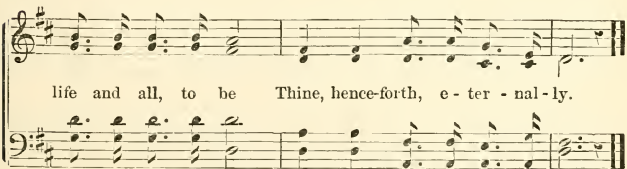


Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my heart—it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

CHORUS.



Wash me in the Sav - ior's pre-cious blood, }
 Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood; } Lord, I give to thee my

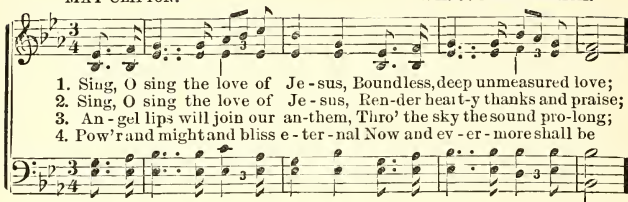


life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth, e - ter - nal - ly.

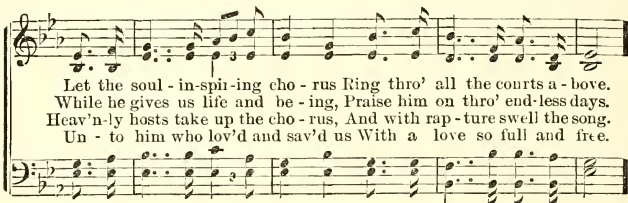
107 Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

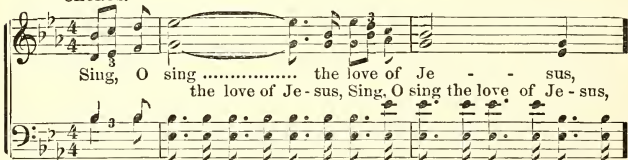


1. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep unmeasured love;
 2. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Ren - der heart - y thanks and praise;
 3. An - gel lips will join our an - them, Thro' the sky the sound pro - long;
 4. Pow'rand mightand bliss e - ter - nal Now and ev - er - more shall be

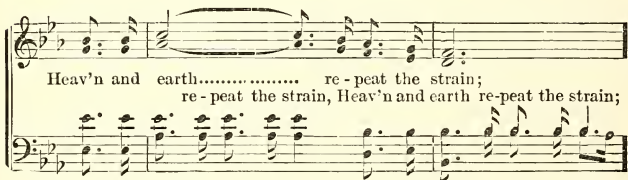


Let the soul - in - spir - ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a - bove.
 While he gives us life and be - ing, Praise him on thro' end - less days.
 Heav'n - ly hosts take up the cho - rus, And with rap - ture swell the song.
 Un - to him who lov'd and sav'd us With a love so full and free.

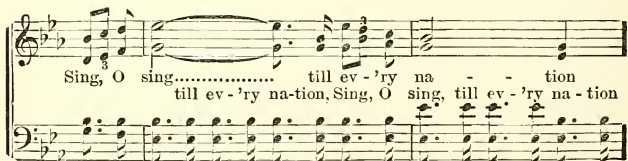
CHORUS.



Sing, O sing the love of Je - - sus,
 the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,



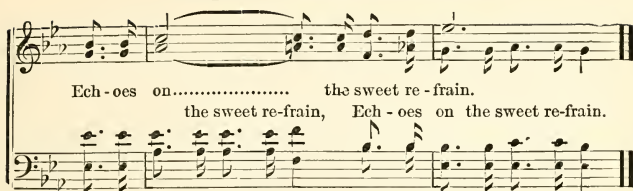
Heav'n and earth..... re - peat the strain;
 re - peat the strain, Heav'n and earth re - peat the strain;



Sing, O sing till ev - 'ry na - - tion
 till ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Sing, O Sing—Concluded.

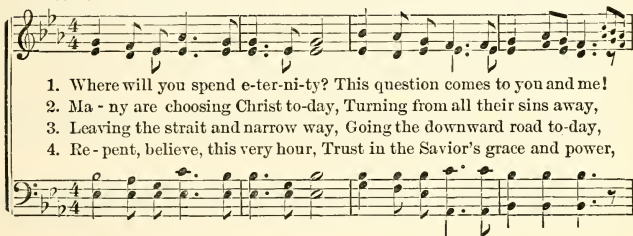


Ech - oes on..... the sweet re - frain.
the sweet re-frain, Ech - oes on the sweet re-frain.

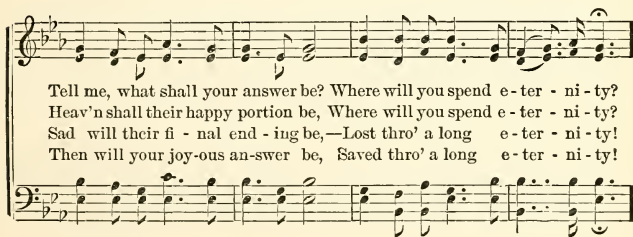
108 Where will you Spend Eternity?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

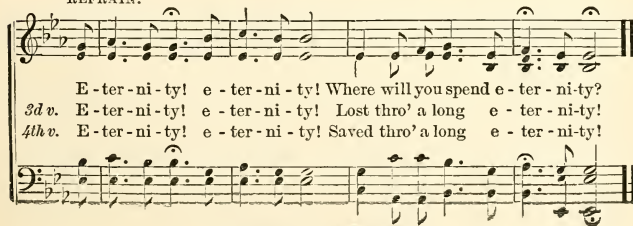


1. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turning from all their sins away,
3. Leaving the strait and narrow way, Going the downward road to-day,
4. Re - pent, believe, this very hour, Trust in the Savior's grace and power,



Tell me, what shall your answer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their happy portion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.



E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3d v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4th v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

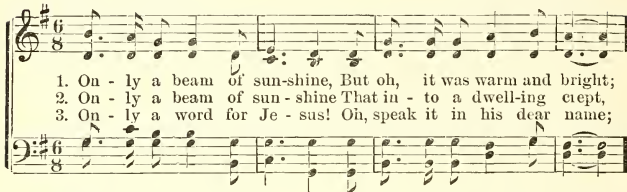
Copyright, 1887, by J. H. Tenney.

Only a Beam of Sunshine.

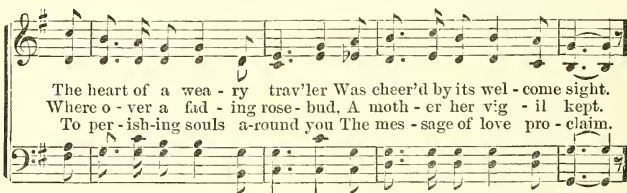
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. xii: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

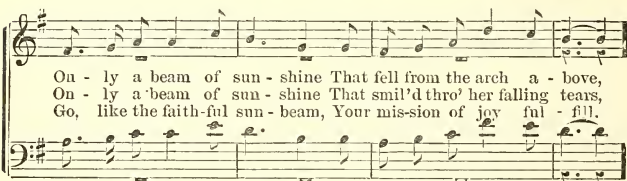
JNO. R. SWENEY.



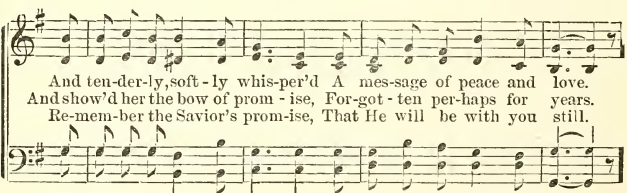
1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright;
 2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept,
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name;



The heart of a wea - ry trav'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
 Where o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
 To per - ish - ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

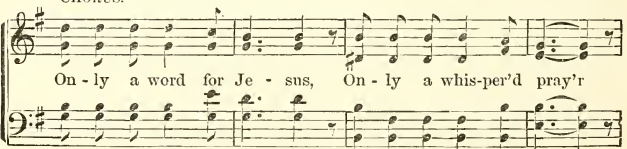


On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove,
 On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smil'd thro' her falling tears,
 Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mis - sion of joy - ful - fill.



And ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - per'd A mes - sage of peace and love.
 And show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten per - haps for years.
 Re - mem - ber the Sav - ior's prom - ise, That He will be with you still.

CHORUS.



On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis - per'd pray'r

From "Melodious Sonnets" by per. JOHN J. HOOD.

Only a Beam of Sunshine--Concluded.

O-ver some grief-worn spir - it May rest like a sun-beam fair.

110

A Sinner like Me!

"Christ came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. i: 15.

C. J. B.

C. J. BUTLER.

Slow.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, And as
 2. I wan - der'd on in the dark-ness, Not a
 3. And then, in that dark lone-ly hour,..... A

vile as a sin-ner could be; And I won der'd if Christ the Re-
 ray of light could I see; And the tho't fill'd my heart with
 voice sweetly whispered to me, Saying, Christ the Re-deem-er has

rit.....

deem-er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
 sad-ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
 power To save a poor sin - ner like me.

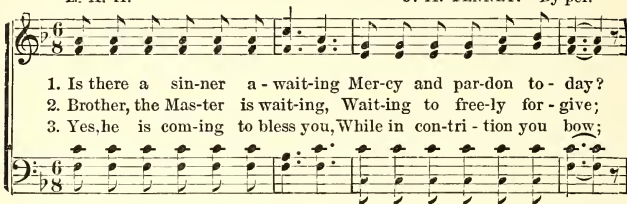
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Savior
 That was speaking so kindly to me;
 I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
 Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"</p> <p>5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
 And oh, what a joy came to me!
 My heart was filled with His praises,
 For saving a sinner like me.</p> | <p>6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me;
 And now unto others I'm telling
 How He saved a poor sinner like me.</p> <p>7 And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Savior shall see,
 I'll praise him forever and ever,
 For saving a sinner like me.</p> |
|--|---|

Copyright, 1881. by JOHN J. HOOD.

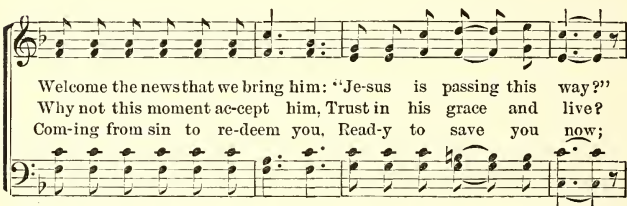
Jesus is Passing this Way.

E. A. H.

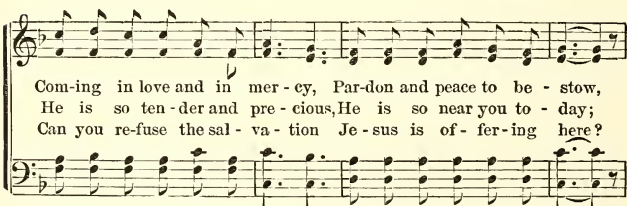
J. H. TENNEY. By per.



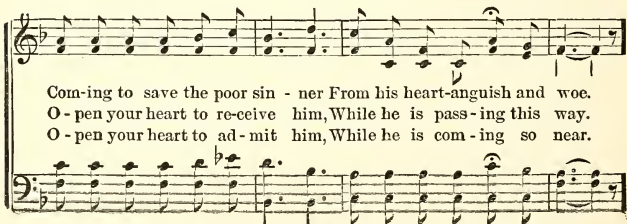
1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to - day?
 2. Brother, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Wait-ing to free-ly for - give;
 3. Yes, he is com-ing to bless you, While in con-tri - tion you bow;



Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je-sus is passing this way?"
 Why not this moment ac-cept him, Trust in his grace and live?
 Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;




Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Par-don and peace to be - stow,
 He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to - day;
 Can you re-fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer-ing here?




Com-ing to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
 O - pen your heart to re-ceive him, While he is pass-ing this way.
 O - pen your heart to ad-mit him, While he is com-ing so near.

Jesus is Passing this Way--Concluded.

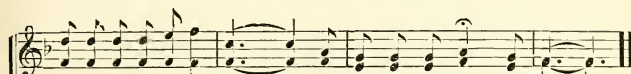
CHORUS.



Je-sus is passing this way,..... To-day,..... to - day,.....
 Je - sus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!



While he is near, O be - lieve him, O - pen your heart to re - ceive him, For



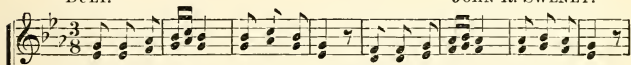
Je-sus is passing this way,..... Is pass-ing this way to - day....
 this way.

112

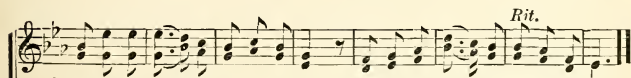
Light after Darkness.

DUET.

JOHN R. SWENEY.



1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross,
 2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain,
 3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;

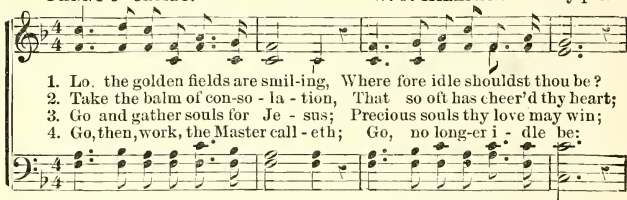


Rit.
 Sweet after bitter, Hope after fears, Home after wandering, Praise after tears.
 Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
 After long agony, Rapture of bliss: Right was the pathway Leading to this.

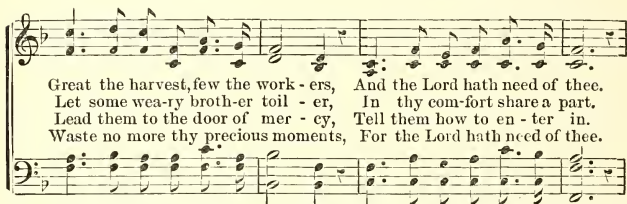
113 Lo, the Golden Fields are Smiling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

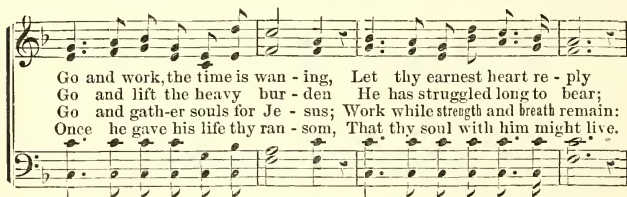
W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



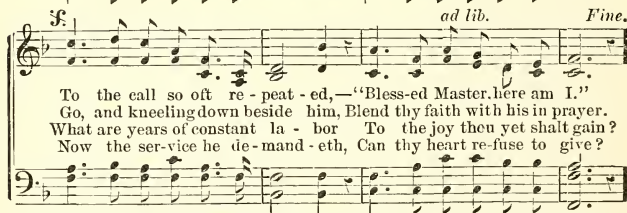
1. Lo, the golden fields are smil-ing, Where fore idle shouldst thou be?
 2. Take the balm of con-so - la - tion, That so oft has cheer'd thy heart;
 3. Go and gather souls for Je - sus; Precious souls thy love may win;
 4. Go, then, work, the Master call - eth; Go, no long-er i - dle be:



Great the harvest, few the work - ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
 Let some wea-ry broth-er toil - er, In thy com-fort share a part.
 Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
 Waste no more thy precious moments, For the Lord hath need of thee.



Go and work, the time is wan - ing, Let thy earnest heart re - ply
 Go and lift the heavy bur - den He has struggled long to bear;
 Go and gath-er souls for Je - sus; Work while strength and breath remain;
 Once he gave his life thy ran - som, That thy soul with him might live.

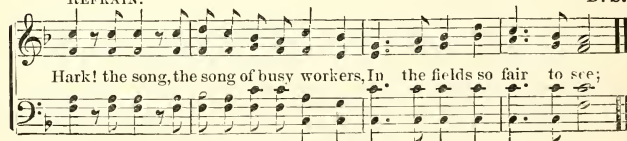


ad lib. *Fine.*
 To the call so oft re - peat - ed,—"Bless-ed Master, here am I."
 Go, and kneeling down beside him, Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
 What are years of constant la - bor To the joy then yet shalt gain?
 Now the ser-vice he de-mand - eth, Can thy heart re-fuse to give?

D. S. Go and fill thy place a - mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

REFRAIN.

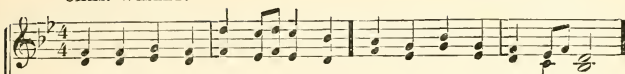
D. S.



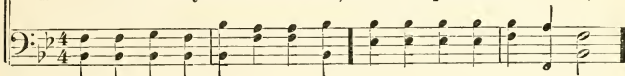
Hark! the song, the song of busy workers, In the fields so fair to see;

CHAS. WESLEY.

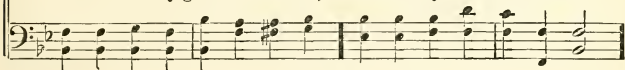
JOHN ZUNDEL.



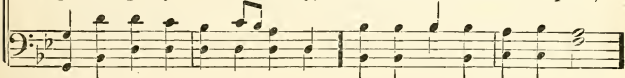
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth com-edown!
2. Breathe, O breathethy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more thy temples leave;
 Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in thee:



Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Servethee as thy hosts a-bove,
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

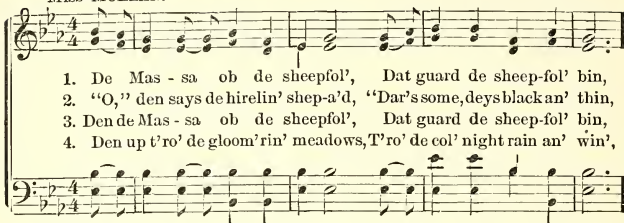


Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-n-ing, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee: Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

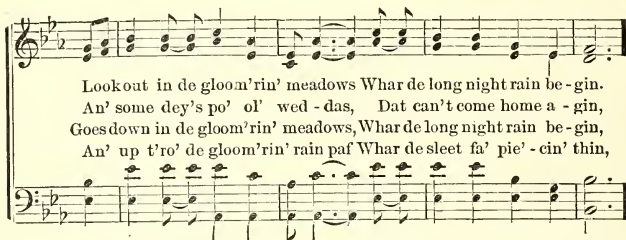


Miss McLEAN.

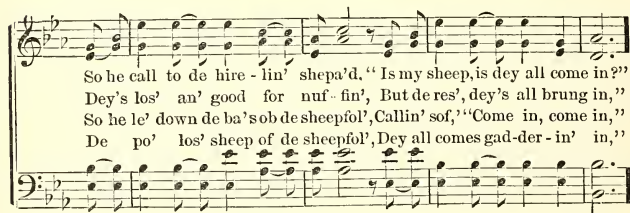
J. M. WHYTE.



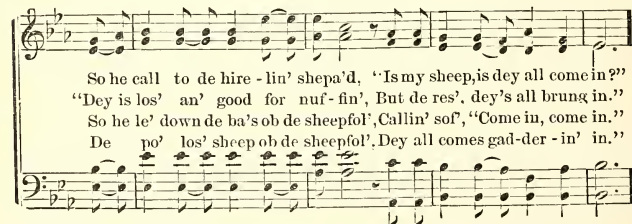
1. De Mas - sa ob de sheepfol', Dat guard de sheep-fol' bin,
 2. "O," den says de hirelin' shep-a'd, "Dar's some, deys blackan' thin,
 3. Den de Mas - sa ob de sheepfol', Dat guard de sheep-fol' bin,
 4. Den up t'ro' de gloom'rin' meadows, T'ro' de col' night rain an' win',



Lookout in de gloom'rin' meadows Whar de long night rain be - gin.
 An' some dey's po' ol' wed - das, Dat can't come home a - gin,
 Goes down in de gloom'rin' meadows, Whar de long night rain be - gin,
 An' up t'ro' de gloom'rin' rain paf Whar de sleet fa' pie' - cin' thin,



So he call to de hire - lin' shepa'd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
 Dey's los' an' good for nuf - fin', But de res', dey's all brung in,"
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof', "Come in, come in,"
 De po' los' sheep of de sheepfol', Dey all comes gad - der - in' in,"



So he call to de hire - lin' shepa'd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
 "Dey is los' an' good for nuf - fin', But de res', dey's all brung in."
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol', Dey all comes gad - der - in' in."

De Massa ob de Sheepfol'—Concluded.

CHORUS.

For de Mas - sa guards de sheepfol' bin, An' he wau's to know, "Is my
sheep come in?" An' he's call - in', call - in', Call - in' soft - ly,
call-in', call-in' call-in', call-in', Soft, soft,
soft - ly, Call - in' for dem all to come gad - der - in' in.
Call in'

116 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-nous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
4. May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean-ing on thy breast

ANNIE HERBERT.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills,
 2. If we err, in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
 3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows his own,


And the sun-shine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
 If we miss the law of kind-ness When we struggle to be just,
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray:
 Snow-y wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a-way,
 Love, be-yond the orient meadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day,

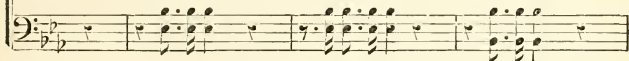
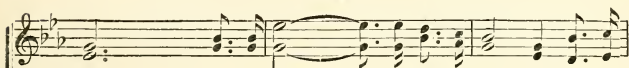
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have clear'd a-way.
 When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have clear'd a-way.
 Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the mists have clear'd a way.

We Shall Know—Concluded.

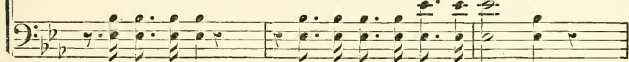
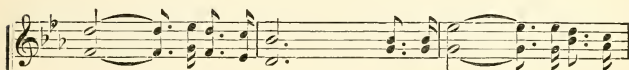
CHORUS.



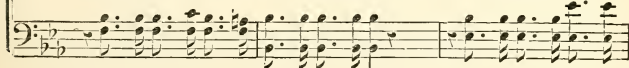

Weshall know..... as we are known,..... Nev-er-more..... to walk a-
 We shall know, as we are known, Nev-er-more

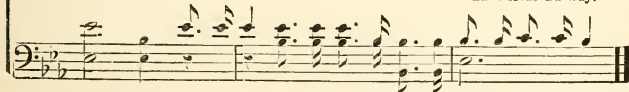
lone, In the dawn - - - ing of the morn-ing, When the
 to walk a - lone, In the dawn-ing of the morn - ing,

mists..... have clear'd a-way; In the dawn - - - ing of the
 When the mists have clear'd a-way: In the dawn-ing of the

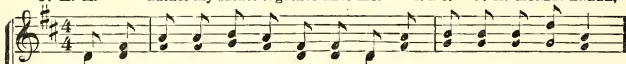
morn - ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a-way.
 When the mists have clear'd a-way.




J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. 1. 5.


J. H. KURZENKNABE,



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid - den comes to light,
4. When the gold - en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim,



We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, (crys - tal sea;)
 We shall gath - er, and the saved and ran - som'd see, (ransom'd see;)
 When the Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see;)
 In tri - umph - ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee;)




With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a - wait - ing us to come,
 Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
 At the bid - ding of our SAV - IOR, "Come, ye bless - ed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,



CHORUS.

What a gath - ring of the faith - ful that will be! What a gath -
 What a gath'ring of the



'ring, gath - - 'ring At the sounding of the
 loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er.

By per.

What a Gath'ring, etc.--Concluded.

glorious ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring, ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

gath'ring. What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! dear ones meet each other,

119

No, Not Despairingly.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. No, not des-pair-ing-ly Come I to thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-ly
2. Lord, I con-fess to thee Sad-ly my sin! Now, tell I all to thee,
3. Faithful and just art thou, For-giv-ing all, Lov-ing and kind art thou,

Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet this is
All I have been; Purge thou my sin a-way, Wash thou my
When sor-rows call; Lord, let the cleans-ing blood, Let the dear

still my plea: Je-sus hath died for me, Je-sus hath died.
soul this day, Take thou my sin a-way; Lord, make me clean.
heal-ing flood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.

Copyright, 1879, by Jno. R. SWENEY.

120 "Papa, fot would you take for me?"

SILAS B. McMANUS.

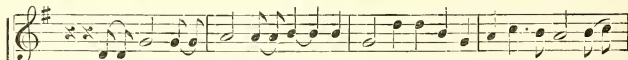
Music by J. M. WHITE.



1. She was ready for sleep, and she lay on my arm, In her little frilled cap so fine,
2. And I answer'd "a dol - lar," dear lit - tle heart, And she slept, baby, weary with play,
3. All the cities, with streets and pal - ac - es. With their pictures and stores of art,
4. So I rocked my ba - by, and rocked away, And I felt such a sweet content,



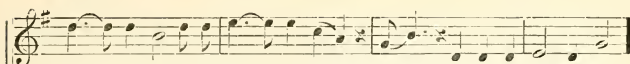
With her golden hair falling out at the edge, Like a circle of noon sunshine;
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms, And I rocked her, and rocked away:
I would not take for one low soft throb, Of my little one's lov - ing heart;
For the words of the song express'd more to me, Than they ever before had meant;



And I hum'd the old tune of "Banbury Cross," And "Three men who put out to sea," When she
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me, The land, and the sea, and the sky, The
Nor all the gold that was ever found, In the busy, wealth-finding past, Would I
And the night crept on, and I slept and dream'd Of things far too glad some to be, And I



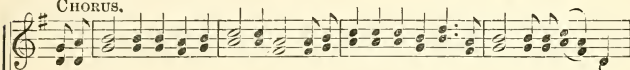
Papa, fot would you take for me? Concluded.



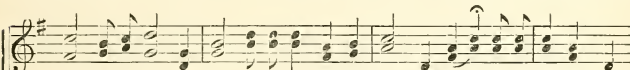
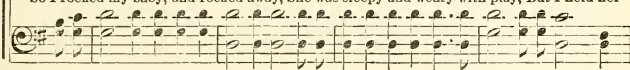
sleep - i - ly said, as she closed her blue eyes, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"
 low - est depths of the low - est place, The highest of all that's high.
 take for one smile of my darling's face, Did I know it must be the last.
 wakened with lips saying close to my ear, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"



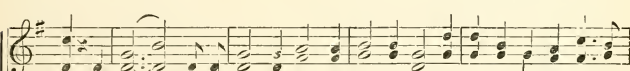
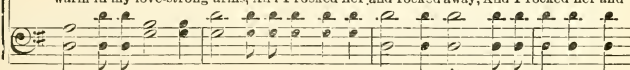
CHORUS.



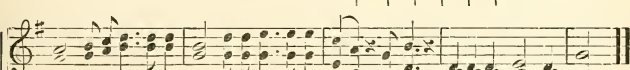
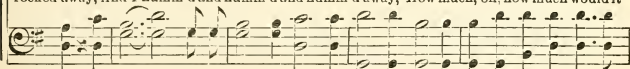
So I rocked my baby, and rocked away, She was sleepy and weary with play, But I held her



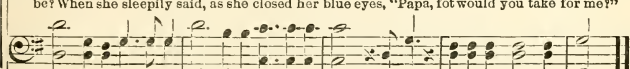
warm in my love-strong arms, And I rocked her and rocked away, And I rocked her and



rocked away, And I humm'd and humm'd and humm'd away, How much, oh, how much would it



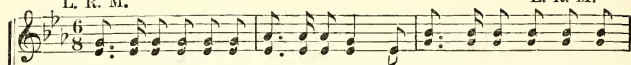
be? When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"



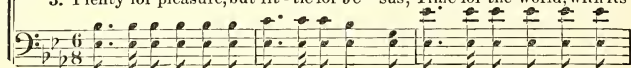
He was Not Willing.

L. R. M.

L. R. M.



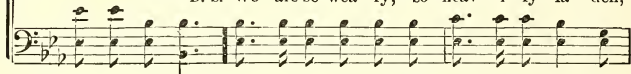
1. "He was not willing that any should perish;" Je-sus enthron'd in the
2. "He was not willing that any should perish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its
3. Plenty for pleasure, but lit-tle for Je - sus; Time for the world, with its



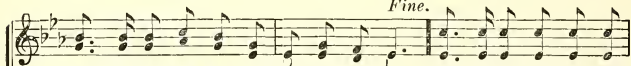
F.



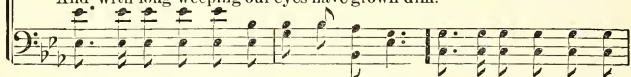
glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fallen world, pit - ied our sor - rows,
 D. S. Je-sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
 sor - row and pain, Came he to seek the lost, com - fort the mourn - er,
 D. S. Je - sus is call - ing thee, haste to the reap - ing,
 trou - bles and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed ing the hun - gry,
 D. S. We are so wea - ry, so heav - i - ly la - den,



Fine.



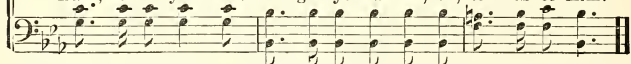
Pour'd out his life for us—won - der - ful love! Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
 No one to lift them from sin and de - spair.
 Heal the heart, brok - en by sor - row and shame. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
 Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.
 Lift - ing lost souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
 And, with long weeping our eyes have grown dim."



D. S.



Throng - ing our path - way, Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
 Har - vest is pass - ing, Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near
 Hark, how they call us: "Bring us your Savior, oh, tell us of Him!

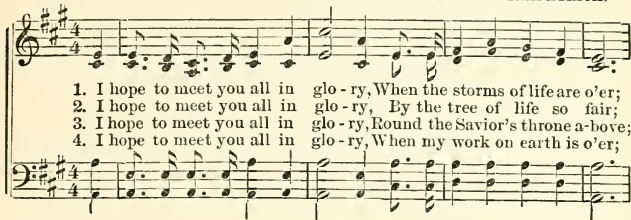


- 4 "He was not willing that any should perish;"
 Am I his follower, and can I live
 Longer at ease with a soul going downward.
 Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
 Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing.
 Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
 Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
 Live with eternity's values in view.

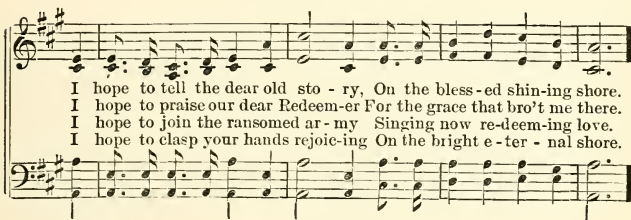
Copyright, 1889, by LUCY RIDER MEYER.

122 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

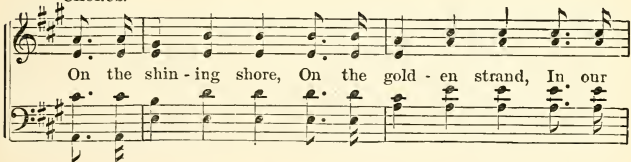


1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
 2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
 3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Savior's throne a - bove;
 4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;



I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bless - ed shin - ing shore.
 I hope to praise our dear Redeem - er For the grace that bro't me there.
 I hope to join the ransomed ar - my Singing now re - deem - ing love.
 I hope to clasp your hands rejoic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

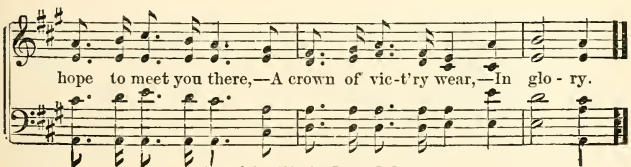
CHORUS.



On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our



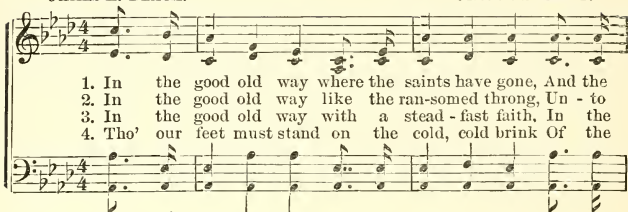
Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I



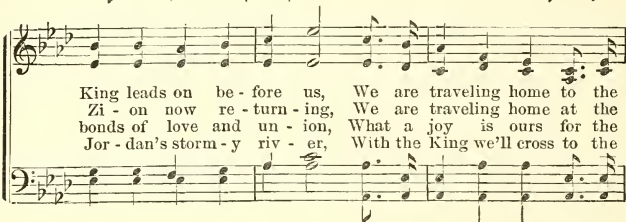
hope to meet you there, — A crown of vic - t'ry wear, — In glo - ry.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

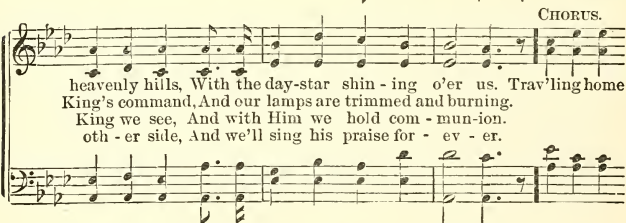


1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the
 2. In the good old way like the ran-somed throng, Un - to
 3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the
 4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the

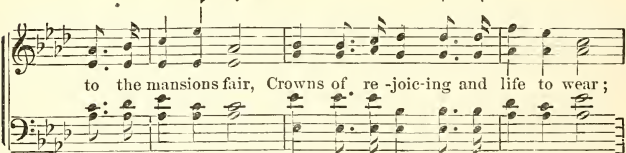


King leads on be - fore us, We are traveling home to the
 Zi - on now re - turn - ing, We are traveling home at the
 bonds of love and un - ion, What a joy is ours for the
 Jor - dan's storm - y riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the

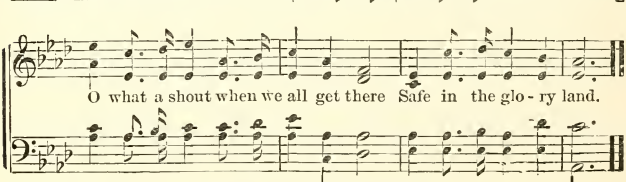
CHORUS.



heavenly hills, With the day-star shin - ing o'er us. Trav'ling home
 King's command, And our lamps are trimmed and burning.
 King we see, And with Him we hold com - mun-ion.
 oth - er side, And we'll sing his praise for - ev - er.



to the mansions fair, Crowns of re - joic - ing and life to wear ;



O what a shout when we all get there Safe in the glo - ry land.

L. G. M'VEAN.

LELIA WATERHOUSE.

1. What if your own were starv-ing Faint-ing with famine pain, And
 2. What if your own were thirst-ing And never a drop could gain, And
 3. What if your own were dark-ened. With-out one cheer-ing ray. And

yet you knew where golden grew Rich fruit and ripened grain? Would you
 you could tell where a sparkling well Poured forth melodious rain? Would you
 you alone could show where shone The pure sweet light of day? Would you

hear their wail As a thrice told tale And turn to your feast again? feast again?
 turn aside, While they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain? to their pain?
 leave them there in their dark despair, And sing on your sunlit way? sunlit way?

4 What if your own were wand'ring
 Far in a trackless maze,
 And you could show them where to
 Along your pleasant ways? [go
 Would your heart be light
 Till the pathway right
 Was plain before their gaze?

5 What if your own were prisoned
 Far in a hostile land,
 And the only key to set them free
 Held in your safe command?
 Would you breathe free air,
 While they stifled there,
 And wait, and hold your hand?

Copyright, 1884, by JOHN J. HOOD.

6 Yet, what else are you doing,
 O ye by Christ made free, [well,
 If you'll not tell what you know so
 To those across the sea,
 Who have never heard
 One tender word
 Of the Lamb of Calvary?

7 "They're not our own," you answer,
 "They're neither kith nor kin."
 They are God's own; his love alone
 Can save them from their sin;
 They are Christ's own;
 He left his throne
 And died their souls to win.

From "Hymns of the Heart," by per.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply,
 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wear-y, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bun-dant store;
 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
 5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath,

An-gel eyes will watch a-bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
 Oft-en sit-ting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on ma-ny a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
 Seat-ter it with will-ing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
 In some dis-tant, doubt-ful moment It may save a soul from death;

He who in his right-eous bal-ance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh;
 Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,
 For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
 When you sleep in sol-emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

Will your sac-ri-fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
 As you look with long-ing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
 In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-tur-n to you.
 If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your CROWL.
 Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o-ver you.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. Oh, toll-ing bells! oh, tolling bells! Deep, deep within your tones there wells
 2. When ringing out a soul's farewell, Oh, tolling bells! what do ye tell?
 3. I seem to hear despairing moans, A weeping, weeping in your tones;
 4. In warn-ing tones, in solemn knells, Ring out, ring out, oh tolling bells!
 5. Have ye no joy-ous notes to ring, Oh, toll-ing bells! for me to sing?
 6. And when I die, oh, tolling bells! Ring out 'I've gone where Jesus dwells,"

A wail of pain, a soul's lament, "Life past, in sin and fol - ly spent."
 Of griefs and woes? of sobs and tears? Of misspent hours and wasted years?
 "The door is closed" ye ring in swells, "For-ev - er closed," oh, tolling bells!
 Let dy - ing souls the warnings hear; And seek the Lord while he is near.
 In Je - sus boundless mer-cy dwells, —Ye ring of him, oh, toll - ing bells!
 Peal out ye bells in joy-ous tone, "The bat-tle o'er, the victory won."

CHORUS.

Oh, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing bells!
 Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells!

Ye ring and ring of sad farewells, But o - ver there where Je-sus dwells,

We'll hear the chime of heaven's bells, "No more farewells," oh, tolling bells.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When lost a-mong the wild, dark mountains, Far, far from thee,
2. When lost a-mong the wild, dark mountains, Sad was my cry,
3. O teach me to a-dore and praise thee, Sav-ior di-vine;
4. Where-ev-er thou wilt lead, I'll fol-low Close, close to Thee;



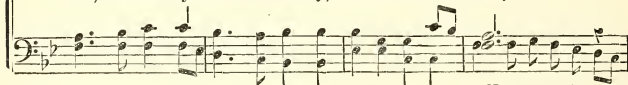
I heard thy gen-tle voice, my Sav-ior, Call-ing in love to me.
 Till soft-ly came the words so ten-der, "Fear not, for here am I."
 Now I have made a full sur-ren-der, All that I am is thine.
 One prayer a-lone my soul is breath-ing, Sav-ior, a-bide with me.



CHORUS.



Safe, within thy arms of mer-cy, Nev-er more to roam;



Nev-er more to roam;




O, let me rest in peace for-ev-er, Safe in my heart's dear home.

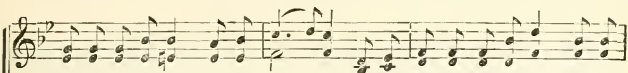


LIZZIE EDWARDS.


JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. To the shadow of the Rock, in a thirsty land I flee, To the
 2. To the shadow of a Rock, whereso ma-ny pilgrim feet, In their
 3. In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters glide, Peaceful

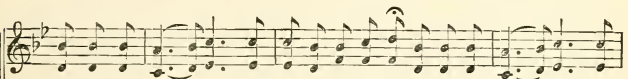


shadow of the Rock just be-fore me; My Re-deemer bids me go, and how
 joyful, joyful haste now are turning; Where their weary, troubled hearts find a
 waters from the pure crystal riv-er, In the shadow of the Rock, in its

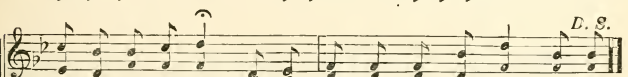


sweet my rest will be, With his ten-der, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.
 sure and safe re-treat, And the bless-ed lamp of faith still is burn-ing.
 cleft my soul shall hide With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for-ev-er.

D. S. sweet my rest will be, With his ten-der, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.



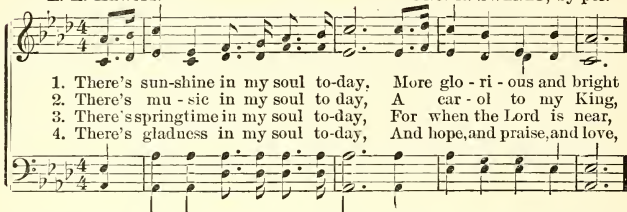
Oh, what a ref-uge from ev-'ry throbbing care! Oh, what a refuge! my



on-ly hope is there; My Re-deem-er bids me go, and how

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to day, A car-ol to my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
 4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

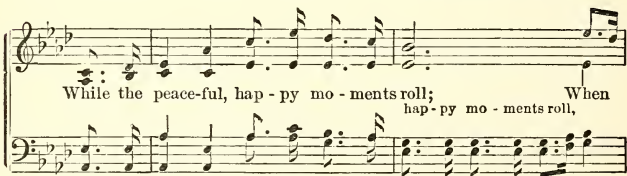


Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus, list-en ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which he gives me now, For joys 'laid up' a-bove.

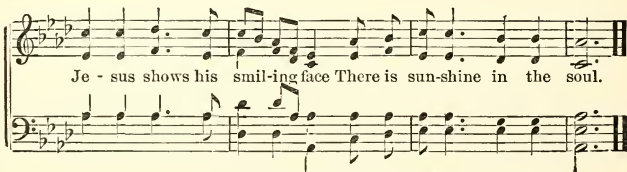
REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,



While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
 hap-py mo-ments roll,



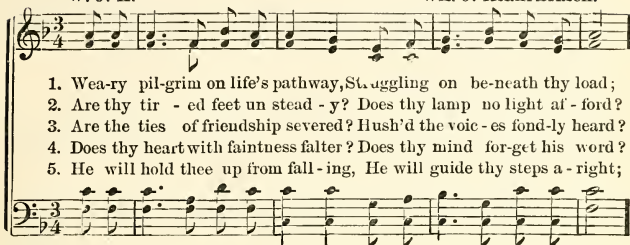
Je-sus shows his smil-ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

130 Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

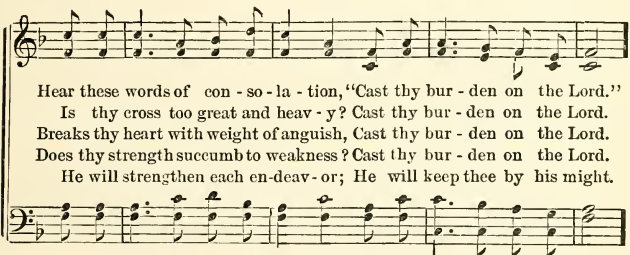
Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

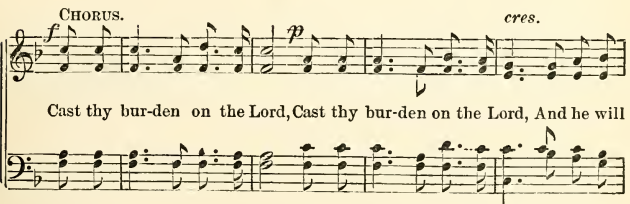


1. Wea-ry pil-grim on life's pathway, Struggling on be-neath thy load;
 2. Are thy tir - ed feet un stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
 3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hush'd the voic - es fond-ly heard?
 4. Does thy heart with faintness falter? Does thy mind for-get his word?
 5. He will hold thee up from fall - ing, He will guide thy steps a - right;

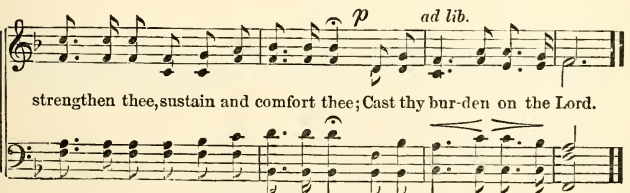


Hear these words of con - so - la - tion, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
 Is thy cross too great and heav - y? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
 Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
 Does thy strength succumb to weakness? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
 He will strengthen each en-deav - or; He will keep thee by his might.

CHORUS.



f Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *p* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *cres.* And he will



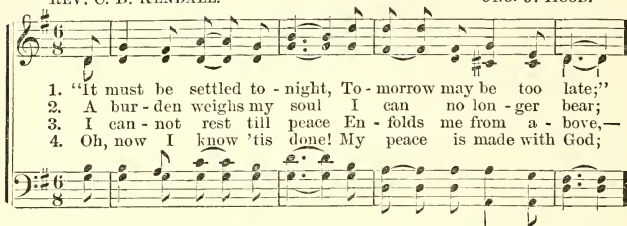
p strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; *ad lib.* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

131 It must be Settled To-Night.

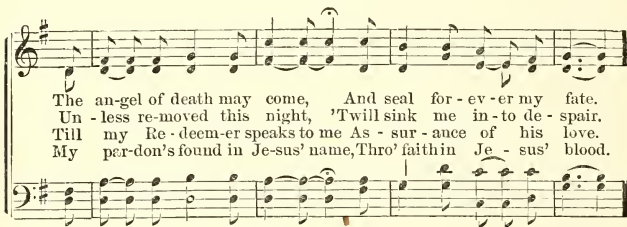
A miner in England went to Church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Savior there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

REV. C. B. KENDALL.

JNO. J. HOOD.



1. "It must be settled to - night, To - morrow may be too late;"
 2. A bur - den weighs my soul I can no lon - ger bear;
 3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—
 4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;

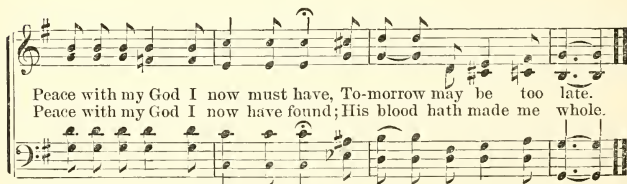


The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.
 Un - less re - moved this night, 'Twill sink me in - to de - spair.
 Till my Re - deem - er speaks to me As - sur - ance of his love.
 My per - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.



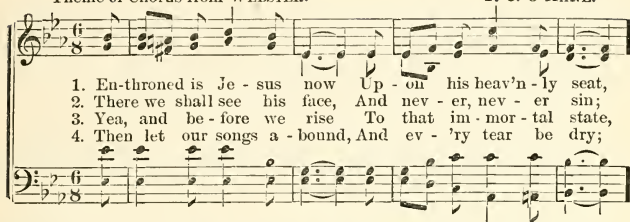
It must be settled to - night, I can no lon - ger wait,
 Oh, now I know 'tis done! Sweet joy per - vades my soul;
 to - night,



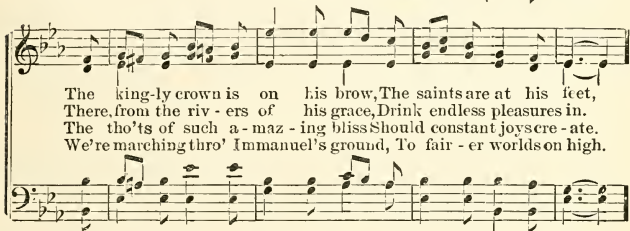
Peace with my God I now must have, To - morrow may be too late.
 Peace with my God I now have found; His blood hath made me whole.

Theme of Chorus from WEBSTER.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. En-throned is Je - sus now Up - on his heav'n - ly seat,
 2. There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
 3. Yea, and be - fore we rise To that im - mor - tal state,
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

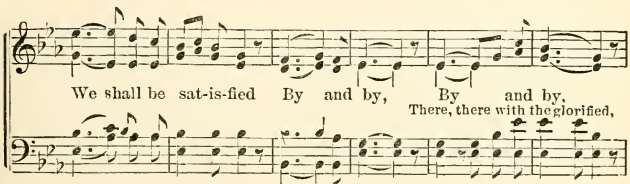


The king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet,
 There, from the riv - ers of his grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
 The tho'ts of such a - maz - ing bliss Should constant joys cre - ate.
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

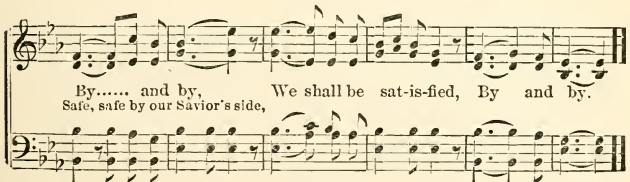
CHORUS.



There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Sav - ior's side,



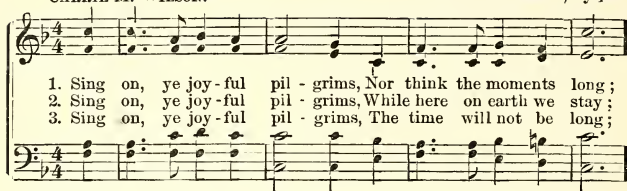
We shall be sat-is-fied By and by, By and by,
 There, there with the glorified,



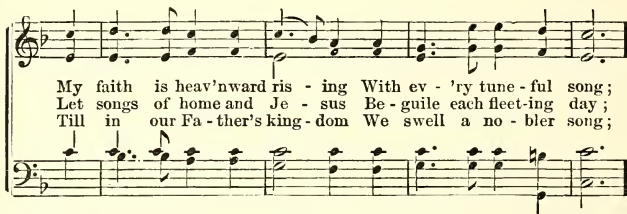
By..... and by, We shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.
 Safe, safe by our Savior's side,

CARRIE M. WILSON.

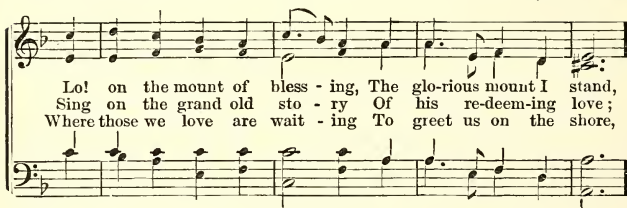
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



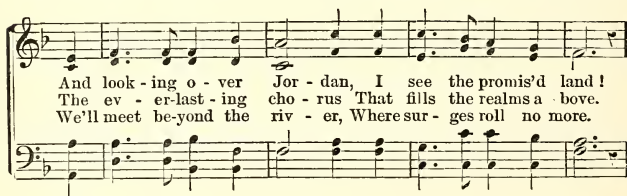
1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, Nor think the moments long;
 2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, While here on earth we stay;
 3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, The time will not be long;



My faith is heav'nward ris-ing With ev-'ry tune-ful song;
 Let songs of home and Je-sus Be-guile each fleet-ing day;
 Till in our Fa-ther's king-dom We swell a no-bler song;

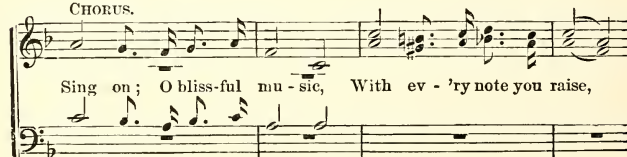


Lo! on the mount of bless-ing, The glo-rious mount I stand,
 Sing on the grand old sto-ry Of his re-deem-ing love;
 Where those we love are wait-ing To greet us on the shore,



And look-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I see the promis'd land!
 The ev-er-last-ing cho-rus That fills the realms a-bove.
 We'll meet be-yond the riv-er, Where sur-ges roll no more.

CHORUS.



Sing on; O bliss-ful mu-sic, With ev-'ry note you raise,

Sing On----Concluded.

My heart is fill'd with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise.

Sing on; O bliss-ful mu - sic, With ev-'ry note you raise,
Sing on; bliss-ful, bliss ful mu - sic.

My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

134

Mercy.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Arr. by EDWIN P. PARKER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad - ing eye Naught es-apes, with-out, with - in!
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in-firm - i - ty!

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
Then, from thine e - ter - nal throne Je - sus, look with pity-ing eye.

Music copyrighted by Oliver Ditson Co.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with de-light, Na-ture is wak-ing, glad and bright;
 2. Guarded from danger, shel-tered and blest, Un-der his ban-ner, calm, we rest,
 3. O! what a Sav-ior, gra-cious to all, O! how his blessings 'round us fall,
 4. Still may his mer-cy ten-der-ly flow, Still may he guide us here be-low;

Hearts o-ver-flow-ing gath-er to-day, Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray.
 Come we be-fore him, come with a song, Tell how he leads us all day long.
 Gen-tly to com-fort, kind-ly to cheer, Sleep-ing or wak-ing, God is near.
 Then when our journey safe-ly is past May we be gathered home at last.

CHORUS.

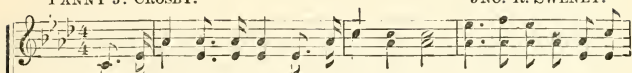
Praise our Redeemer, tell of his love, Praise our Re-deem-er, God a-bove;

Tell of his mer-cy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee;

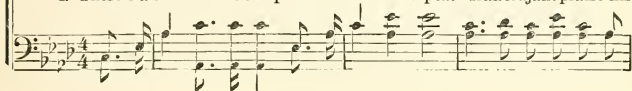

Tell of his mer-cy boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

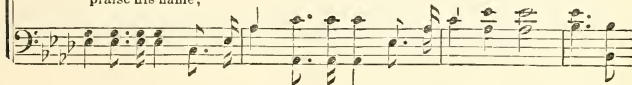
JNO. R. SWENEY.



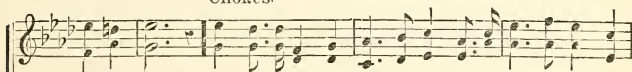
1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hallelujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hallelujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hallelujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hallelujah! praise his

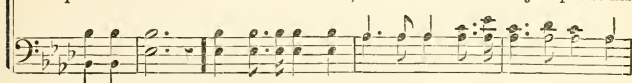
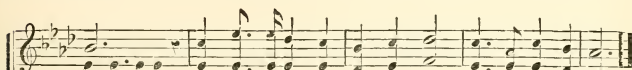
name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
 name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be hold, Praise, oh,
 name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
 name; There is room for the world at the Sav-ior's feet, Praise, oh,
 praise his name;



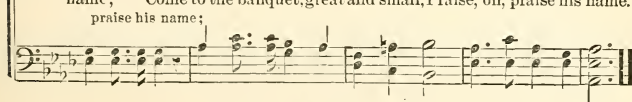
CHORUS.



praise his name. Room for the millions, room for all! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise his

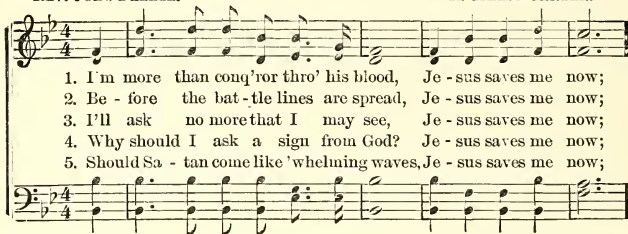



name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.
 praise his name;

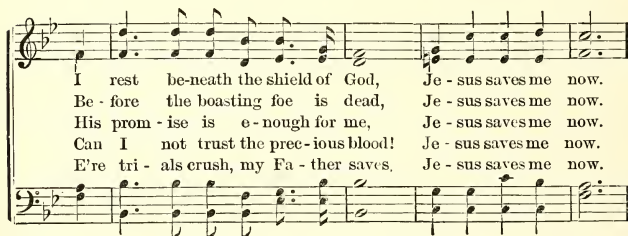


REV. JOHN PARKER.

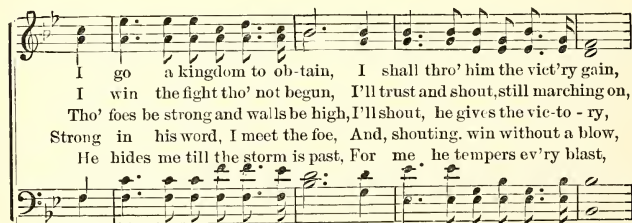
R. KELSO CARTER.



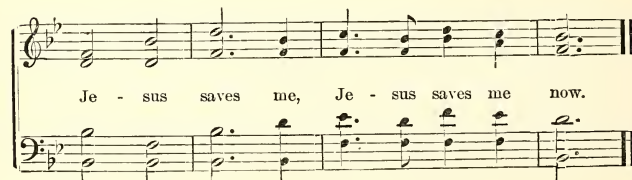
1. I'm more than conq'ror thro' his blood, Je - sus saves me now;
 2. Be - fore the bat - tle lines are spread, Je - sus saves me now;
 3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Je - sus saves me now;
 4. Why should I ask a sign from God? Je - sus saves me now;
 5. Should Sa - tan come like 'whelming waves, Je - sus saves me now;



I rest be-neath the shield of God, Je - sus saves me now.
 Be - fore the boasting foe is dead, Je - sus saves me now.
 His prom - ise is e - nough for me, Je - sus saves me now.
 Can I not trust the prec - ious blood! Je - sus saves me now.
 E're tri - als crush, my Fa - ther saves, Je - sus saves me now.



I go a kingdom to ob-tain, I shall thro' him the vict'ry gain,
 I win the fight tho' not begun, I'll trust and shout, still marching on,
 Tho' foes be strong and walls be high, I'll shout, he gives the vic - to - ry,
 Strong in his word, I meet the foe, And, shouting, win without a blow,
 He hides me till the storm is past, For me he tempers ev'ry blast,



Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me now.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow;
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
 Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho-li - er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not;

CHORUS.

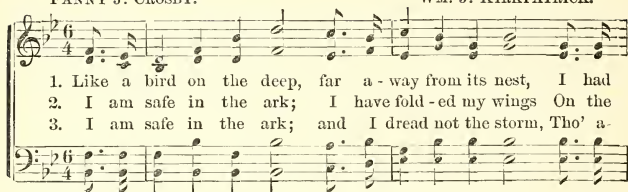
O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,

wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,

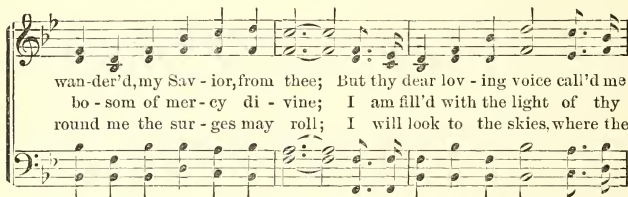
O, wait, meek - ly wait, O, wait, and murmur not, O, mur - mur not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

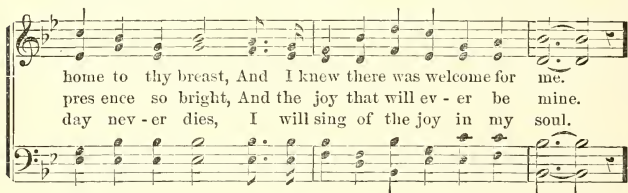
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the
 3. I am safe in the ark; and I dread not the storm, Tho' a -

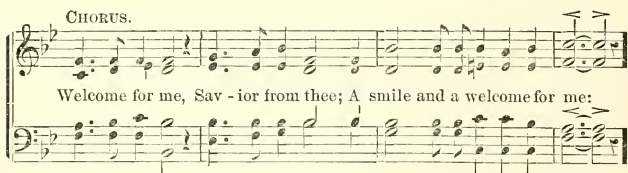


wan - der'd, my Sav - ior, from thee; But thy dear lov - ing voice call'd me
 bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am fill'd with the light of thy
 round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

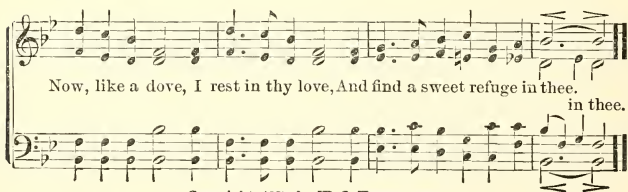


home to thy breast, And I knew there was welcome for me.
 pres ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
 day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.



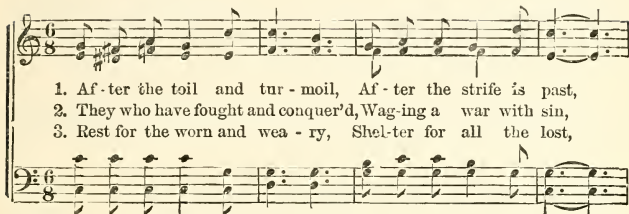
Welcome for me, Sav - ior from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:



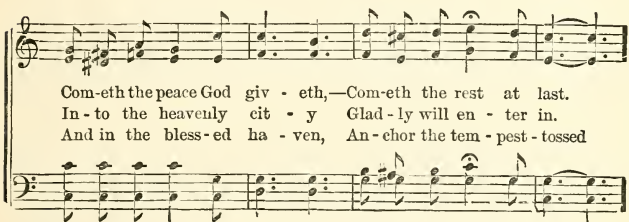
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee.
 in thee.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

J. H. TENNEY

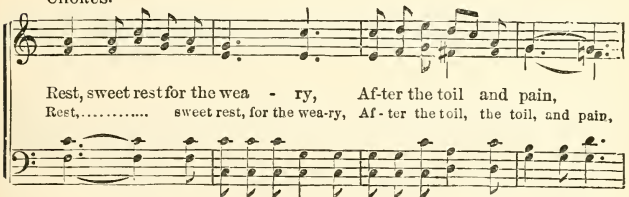


1. Af - ter the toil and tur - moil, Af - ter the strife is past,
 2. They who have fought and conquer'd, Wag - ing a war with sin,
 3. Rest for the worn and wea - ry, Shel - ter for all the lost,

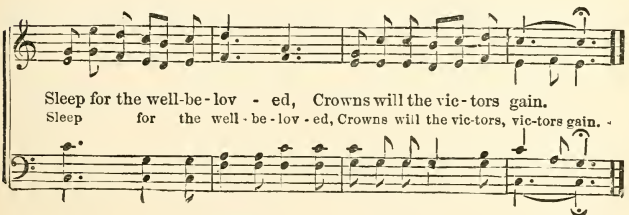


Com - eth the peace God giv - eth, — Com - eth the rest at last.
 In - to the heavenly cit - y Glad - ly will en - ter in.
 And in the bless - ed ha - ven, An - chor the tem - pest - tossed

CHORUS.



Rest, sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil and pain,
 Rest, sweet rest, for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil, the toil, and pain,



Sleep for the well - be - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors gain.
 Sleep for the well - be - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors, vic - tors gain.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,
 2. Here our fond est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain,
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the
 But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the
 In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in

night dis solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,
 riv - er spark - ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,
 sweet com - mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,

D. S.—hap - py gold - en shore,
Fine.

I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the

Meet me There.—Concluded.

tree of life is blooming, Meet me there, (Meet me there;)

When the storms of life are o'er, On the

D.S.

142

Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR.

Tune MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Go, labor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;

It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heaven'y gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men? | 4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in. |
| 3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown! | 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!" |

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O sing of the rap-ture, the ho - ly de - light, Sal - va - tion so
 2. O sing of the ful - ness of in - fi - nite love, The bliss that we
 3. How sweet when we gather to worship his name, And praise him for
 4. O glo - ry to Je - sus! a - gain and a - gain Our song of de -

free - ly bestows, Our path, like the noonday, is cloudless and bright With
 constant - ly share, Com - mun - ing with Je - sus our Sav - ior a - bove, And
 all he has done, To feel, while the rich - es of grace we proclaim, Our
 vo - tion shall rise, And an - gels re - ech - o the joy - ful a - men, They

CHORUS.

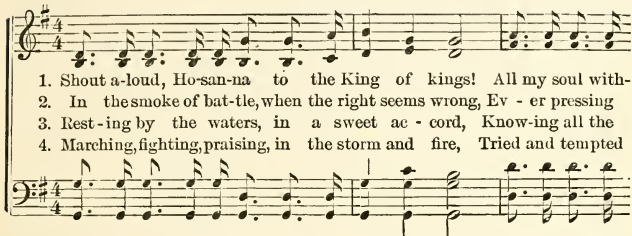
joy from his presence that flows.
 knowing our treas - ure is there. Sal - va - tion is free, salvation is free,
 E - den on earth is be - gun.
 bear from our hearts to the skies.

A per - fect sal - va - tion for you and for me; When o - ver the riv - er our

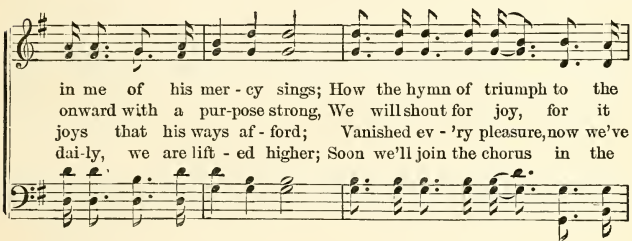
dwel - ling we see, We'll shout as we en - ter, sal - va - tion is free.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

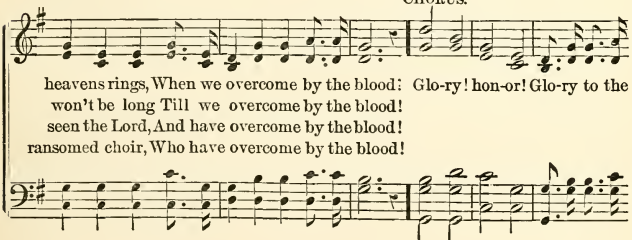


1. Shout a-loud, Ho-san-na to the King of kings! All my soul with-
 2. In the smoke of bat-tle, when the right seems wrong, Ev - er pressing
 3. Rest-ing by the waters, in a sweet ac - cord, Know-ing all the
 4. Marching, fighting, praising, in the storm and fire, Tried and tempted

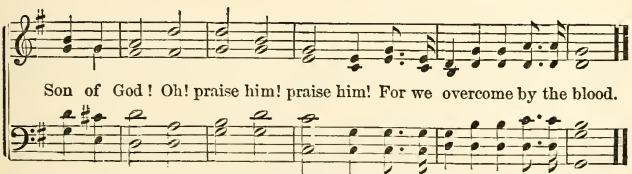


in me of his mer - cy sings; How the hymn of triumph to the
 onward with a pur-pose strong, We will shout for joy, for it
 joys that his ways af - ford; Vanished ev - 'ry pleasure, now we've
 dai-ly, we are lift - ed higher; Soon we'll join the chorus in the

CHORUS.



heavens rings, When we overcome by the blood: Glo-ry! hon-or! Glo-ry to the
 won't be long Till we overcome by the blood!
 seen the Lord, And have overcome by the blood!
 ransomed choir, Who have overcome by the blood!

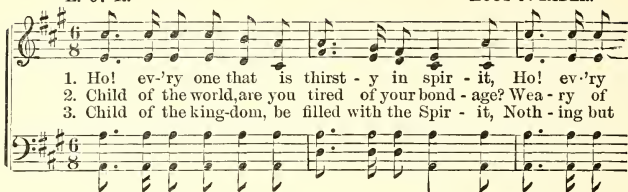


Son of God! Oh! praise him! praise him! For we overcome by the blood.

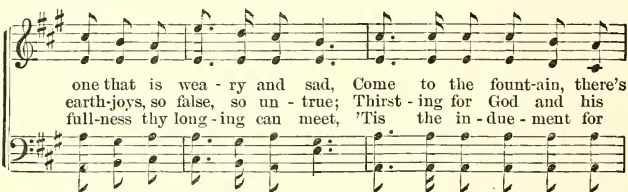
145 Ho! Every One that is Thirsty.

L. J. R.

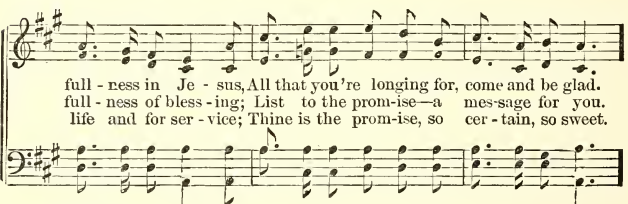
LUCY J. RIDER.



1. Ho! ev-'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev-'ry
 2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bond - age? Wea - ry of
 3. Child of the king - dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth - ing but

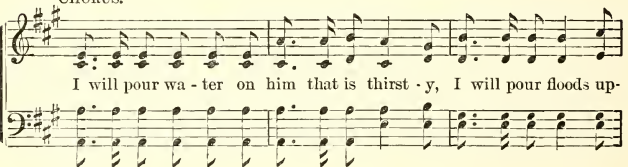


one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the fount - ain, there's
 earth - joys, so false, so un - true; Thirst - ing for God and his
 full - ness thy long - ing can meet, 'Tis the in - due - ment for

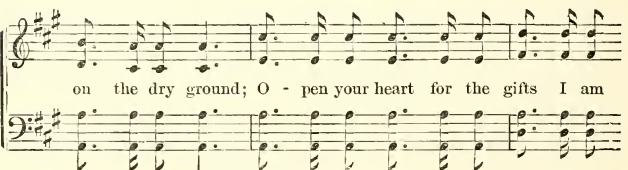


full - ness in Je - sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
 full - ness of bless - ing; List to the prom - ise—a mes - sage for you.
 life and for ser - vice; Thine is the prom - ise, so cer - tain, so sweet.

CHORUS.



I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst - y, I will pour floods up -



on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gifts I am

Ho! Every One that is Thirsty—Concluded.

bring - ing; While ye are seek - ing me, I will be found.

146 Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin;
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live;
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave;

In the pre - cious blood my Sav - ior shed He washed me white as snow.
 With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
 With a calm sweet peace did I re - ceive,—He washed me white as snow.
 I will sing, while cross-ing Jor-dan's wave, He washed me white as snow.

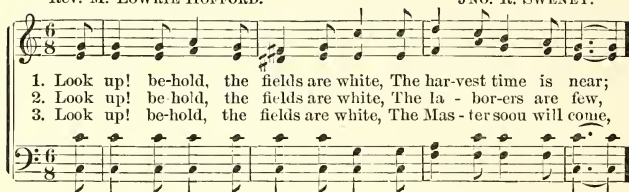
CHORUS.

O, my joy - ful song hence-forth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus
 cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleans-eth me.

147 Behold, the Fields are White.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

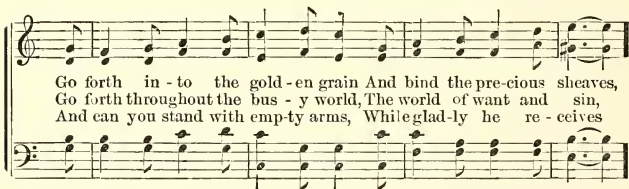
JNO. R. SWENEY.



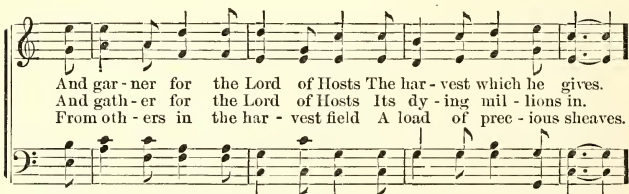
1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near;
 2. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The la - bor-ers are few,
 3. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The Mas - ter soou will come,



The sum-mons of the Mas - ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear;
 The gath'ring of the har-vest must By grace de - pend on you;
 And car - ry with re-joic - ing heart His gath-ered trophies home;

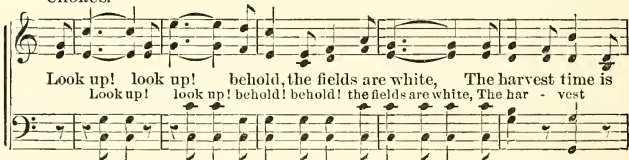


Go forth in - to the gold-en grain And bind the pre-cious sheaves,
 Go forth throughout the bus - y world, The world of want and sin,
 And can you stand with emp-ty arms, While glad-ly he re - ceives



And gar - ner for the Lord of Hosts The har - vest which he gives.
 And gath-er for the Lord of Hosts Its dy - ing mil - lions in.
 From oth - ers in the har - vest field A load of pre-cious sheaves.

CHORUS.



Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is
 Look up! look up! behold! behold! the fields are white, The har - vest

Behold the Fields are White—Concluded.

near, The harvest time is near: Look up! look up! be-
time is near, the har - vest time is near; Look up! look up!

hold, the fields are white, Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near.

148

By Grace I Will.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will you go to Je - sus now, dear friend? He is calling you to - day, }
Will you seek the bright and better land, By "the true and living way?" }
2. Would you know the Savior's boundless love, And his mercy rich and free? }
Will you seek the saving, cleansing blood, That was shed for you and me? }

REFRAIN.

I will, I will! by the grace of God, I will; I will go to Je - sus now; I will

heed the gospel call, For the promise is for all; I will go to Je - sus now.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne.</p> | <p>4 Will you follow where the Master
Choosing only his renown; [leads,
Will you daily bear the cross for him,
Till he bids you wear the crown?</p> |
|---|---|

149 Far as the East from the West.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

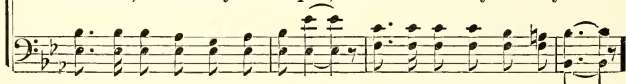
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Why is thy harp on the willow, Child of the Fa-ther a - bove?
2. Why is thy harp on the willow? Hast thou no song for the Lord?
3. Why is thy harp on the willow? Why art thou troubled and tried?



Where is thy hope in his mer-cy? Where is thy trust in his love?
 Think of each won-der - ful prom-ise Je - sus has left in his Word.
 Hast thou, o'ercome by the tempter, Wandered a - way from thy Guide?



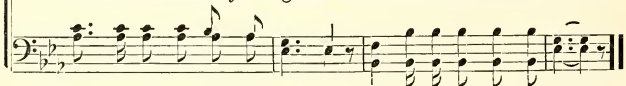
REFRAIN.



Go to the arms of the Sav-ior, Pil - low thy head on his breast;



He will re-move thy transgressions Far as the east from the west.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. Wouldst thou return to thy duty,
 Jesus will answer thy call;
 If thou art truly repentant,
 He will forgive thee for all.</p> | <p>5. Take now thy harp from the willow,
 Sing the glad songs of the past;
 Trust not thyself but in Jesus,
 Then shalt thou triumph at last.</p> |
|--|---|

Copyright, 1886, by JOHN J. HOOD.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je-sus, Who dwelt a-mong sinners, a
 2. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je-sus, Re-ject-ed by sinners of
 3. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je-sus, Who dwells with the low-ly in

God? Who in pu-ri-ty walked with the vil-est, Dis-
 old? He is wait-ing to-day to be gra-cious, Yet
 heart? With the hum-ble he walks in commun-ion, And

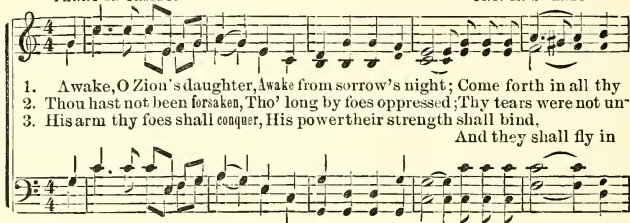
CHORUS.
 pens-ing his fa-vors a-broad? Oh that won-derful, wonderful
 slight-ed by numbers un-told.
 grace he will freely im-part.

Je-sus! He left the bright glo-ry a-bove, On a

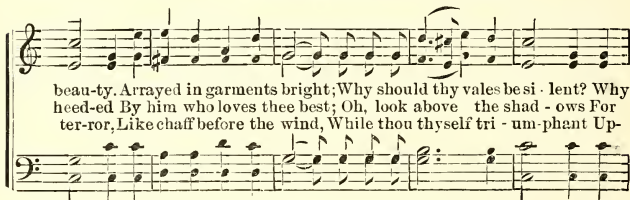
world in its sin and its ru-in To pour out his in-fi-nite love.

FANNY R. CROSEY.

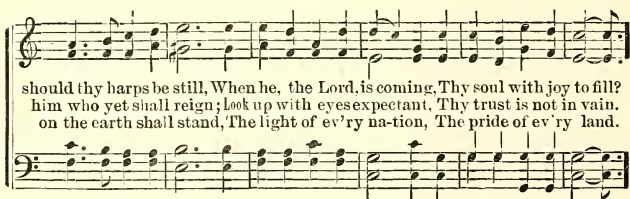
JNO. R. SWENEY



1. Awake, O Zion's daughter, Awake from sorrow's night; Come forth in all thy
 2. Thou hast not been forsaken, Tho' long by foes oppressed; Thy tears were not un-
 3. His arm thy foes shall conquer, His power their strength shall bind,
 And they shall fly in

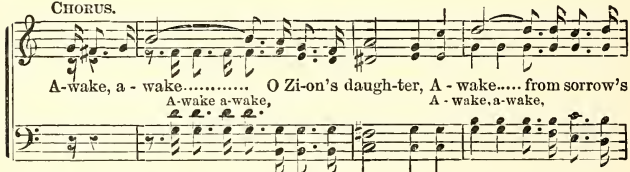


beau-ty. Arrayed in garments bright; Why should thy vales be si - lent? Why
 heed-ed By him who loves thee best; Oh, look above the shad - ows For
 ter-ror, Like chaff before the wind, While thou thyself tri - um-phantly Up-

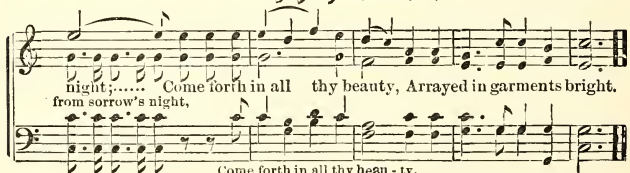


should thy harps be still, When he, the Lord, is coming, Thy soul with joy to fill?
 him who yet shall reign; Look up with eyes expectant, Thy trust is not in vain.
 on the earth shall stand, The light of ev'ry na-tion, The pride of ev'ry land.

CHORUS.



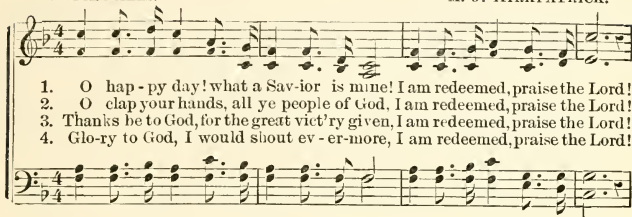
A-wake, a - wake..... O Zi-on's daugh-ter, A - wake.... from sorrow's
 A-wake a-wake, A - wake, a-wake,



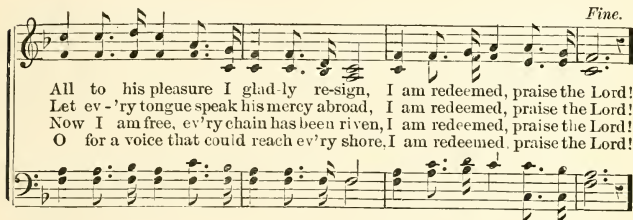
night;..... Come forth in all thy beauty, Arrayed in garments bright,
 from sorrow's night,
 Come forth in all thy beau - ty,

ABBIE MILLS.

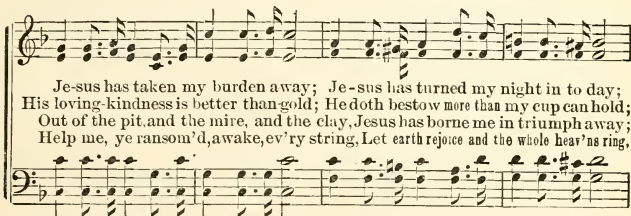
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



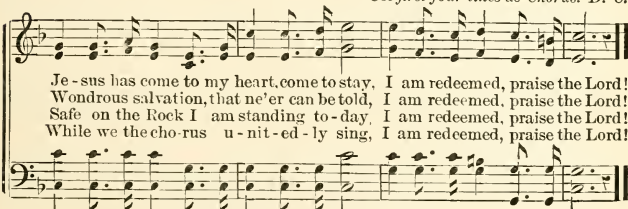
1. O hap-py day! what a Sav-ior is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 3. Thanks be to God, for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 4. Glo-ry to God, I would shout ev-er-more, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



Fine.
 All to his pleasure I glad-ly re-sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Let ev-'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Now I am free, ev'ry chain has been riven, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



Je-sus has taken my burden away; Je-sus has turned my night in to day;
 His loving-kindness is better than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
 Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;
 Help me, ye ransom'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heav'n's ring,

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.


Je-sus has come to my heart, come to stay, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Wondrous salvation, that ne'er can be told, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Safe on the Rock I am standing to-day, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 While we the cho-rus u-nit-ed-ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

ANNA C. STOREY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val - ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Ha-ven of rest, tranquil and blest.
 2. Val - ley of E-den, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills, peaceful thy rills;
 3. Val - ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Lovely thy bow'rs, fadeless thy flow'rs;

Anchored for-ev - er we soon shall be, Gathered with Jesus to rest,
 Hap - py for-ev - er we soon shall roam, Over thy bright blooming hills;
 Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy beautiful bowers

Songs of the ransomed are floating in air, Wafted to earth from thy region so fair;
 Thine are the beauties that never decay, Thine is the light of a shadowless day
 Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet, Casting their crowns at Immanuel's feet:

An-gels are tenderly call-ing us there, Call-ing the wea-ry to rest.
 Voices of loved ones are calling a-way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
 Still the glad voices of angels re-peat, Come to the val-ley of flowers.

CHORUS. Repeat, Tenor and Soprano, changing parts.

Come, come, come, come,
 Come to this valley of E - den fair, Wea-ry and sor - row op - pressed;

Valley of Rest—Concluded.

poco rit.

Come, come, come, come, Come to this valley, this valley of rest.
Angels are tenderly call-ing us there, Come to this valley of rest.....

154 We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian Woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spok-en In that bright land of flowers,

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sad-ness That we must say good-by,
That when our la - bors here are end-ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, Shall ev - er more be ours.

CHORUS

We'll nev-er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, (good by,)

Repeat Chorus pp

For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Onward press, tho' faint and wea-ry, Droop not 'neath the parching sun,
 2. Du-ties wait for thy ful-fill-ing, Let thy full strength go to each,
 3. Tho' the prom-ise long may tar-ry, And the way seems dark and drear,

Onward thro' the des-ert dreary, Till the day is won; Tho' thy
 With an earn-est heart, and willing, La-bor, pray, and teach; Fal-ter
 Gloom y doubts and fears still parry, Night will soon be here; Saved ones

feet be worn and bleeding, Ne'er the nar-row pathway leave, Thro' thy
 not beneath thy bur-deu, Je-sus' pre-cious word be-lieve, Faith pre-
 wait be-yond the riv-er, They no long-er sin or grieve, With them,

CHORUS. *p*
 Sav-ior's in-ter-ced-ing, Thou shalt rest at eve. Rest on the beautiful
 sents the promised guerdon, Thou shalt rest at eve.
 in the bright for ev-er, Thou shalt rest at eve. *In chanting style.*

shore, Where no sor-row thy breast can heave, Yes, on the bright

Thou Shalt Rest at Eve—Concluded

Slow and soft.

beautiful shore, Thou shalt rest at eve, Thou shalt rest at eve.

156 Step Out on the Promise.

E. F. MILLER, by per.

1. O mourner of Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y re-joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troub led
4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
un - der that cleanseth us thro', It cleaus - es me now, hal le-

word of thy God, Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
ban-quet of God, Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
bo - som of God, Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
lu - jah to God, I rest on the promise,—I'm un - der the blood.

A Song of Trust.

BEULAH. *Melodious.*

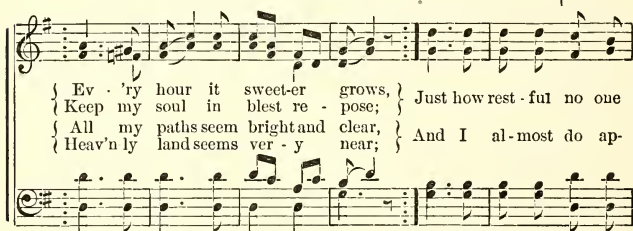
(Music dedicated to Mrs. C. C. McCABE.)

J. M. WHYTE.



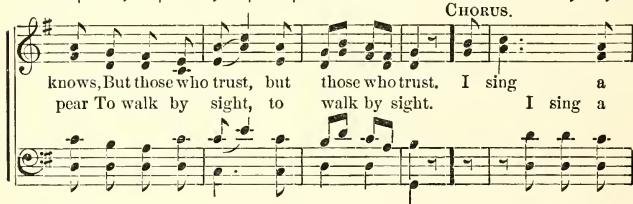
1. { God has giv - en me a song, A song of trust; }
 And I sing it all day long, For sing I must; }

2. { O I sing it on the moun-tain, In the light, }
 Where the ra - diance of God's sun - shine. Makes all bright; }



{ Ev - 'ry hour it sweet-er grows, } Just how rest - ful no one
 { Keep my soul in blest re - pose; }
 { All my paths seem bright and clear, } And I al-most do ap-
 { Heav'n ly land seems ver - y near; }

CHORUS.



knows, But those who trust, but those who trust. I sing a
 pear To walk by sight, to walk by sight. I sing a



song, a song of trust, For sing I
 song of trust, I sing a song of trust,



must: And soon I'll stand at thy right hand, My Sav-ior

A Song of Trust. Concluded.

dear, my ran-som price, And sing the song of Par - a - dise.
the song of Par a-dise.

And I sing it in the valley,
Dark and low;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
Pain and woe;
Then the shadows flee away,
Like the night when dawns the day;
Trust in God brings light away--
I find it so. *Cho.*

For I've cross'd the river Jordan,
And I stand
In the blessed land of promise--
Beulah land!
Trusting is like breathing here,
Just so easy doubt and fear
Vanish in this atmosphere,
And life is grand. *Cho.*

158

Perfect Love.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN.

Allegro.

1. Dear Sav-ior now thy mer-cy show, And give my longing heart to know
2. O let thy spir-it fill my soul, And ev-ery ris-ing tho't con-trol
3. A ho-ly zeal in-spire in me To seek the treas-ure hid in thee;

Rit......

The mys-t'ry of thy love; Then will thy praise my powers em-ploy,
Be thou my con-stant guide; Grant me thy gen-tle voice to hear,
The wealth of love di-vine; Per-fect in me thy work of grace,

rit.

And my glad soul ev'n here en-joy The bliss that reigns a-bove.
Thy face to see, to feel thee near, And in thy love a-bide.
And let the brightness of thy face, On me for-ev-er shine.

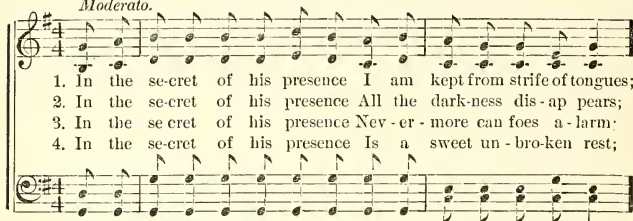
Copyright, 1890, by Geo. D. ELDERKIN.

159 In the Secret of His Presence.

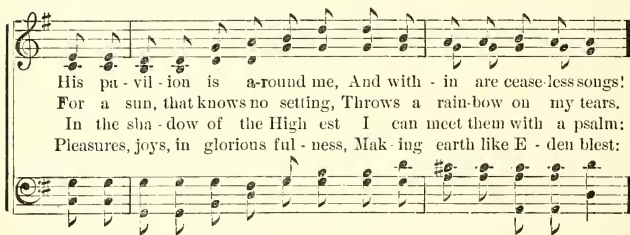
REV. HENRY BULTON, M. A.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

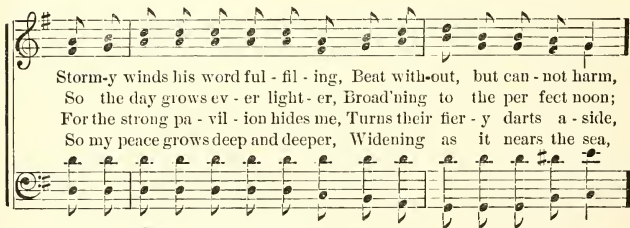
Moderato.



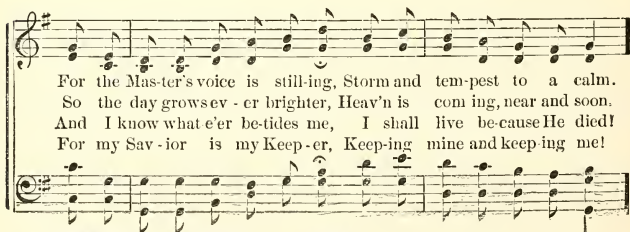
1. In the se-cret of his pres-ence I am kept from strife of tongues;
 2. In the se-cret of his pres-ence All the dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
 3. In the se-cret of his pres-ence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;
 4. In the se-cret of his pres-ence Is a sweet un-bro-ken rest;



His pa-vil-ion is a-round me, And with-in are cease-less songs!
 For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rain-bow on my tears.
 In the sha-dow of the High-est I can meet them with a psalm:
 Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Mak-ing earth like E-den blest:



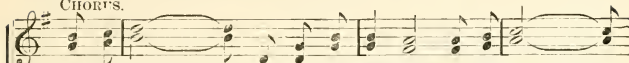
Storm-y winds his word ful-fill-ing, Beat with-out, but can-not harm,
 So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'n-ing to the per-fect noon;
 For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,
 So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,



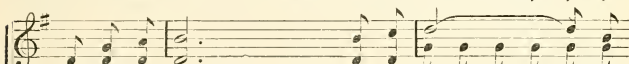
For the Mas-ter's voice is still-ing, Storm and tem-p-est to a calm.
 So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.
 And I know what e'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause He died!
 For my Sav-ior is my Keep-er, Keep-ing mine and keep-ing me!

In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.


CHORUS.



In the se - - - - - cret of his pres-ence Je-sus keeps.....,
In the se-cret of his pres-ence Je-sus keeps,



I know not how;
I know not how, I know not how; In the shad - - - - - ow
In the shad-ow of the High-est,



of the High - est,
In the shad-ow of the High-est, I am rest-ing, hid - ing now.

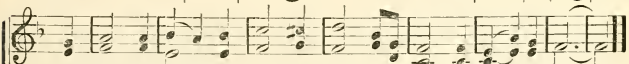
160 Forever with the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Tune, VIGIL. S. M.



1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!...
2. Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from him I roam,
3. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis thy will,
4. So, when my la - test breath Shall rend the veil in twain,
5. Know-ing as I am known, How shall I love that word,



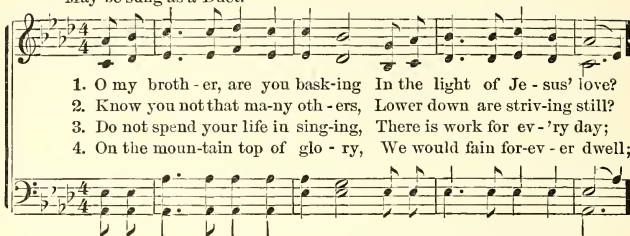
Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor-tal - i - ty....
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home.
The prom-ise of that faith-ful word, E'en here to me ful-fill...
By death I shall es - cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.
And oft re-peat be - fore the throne, "For - ev - er with the Lord!"

Matt. xxv, 40.

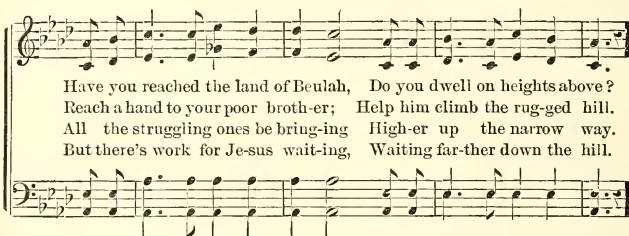
MRS. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

May be sung as a Duet.

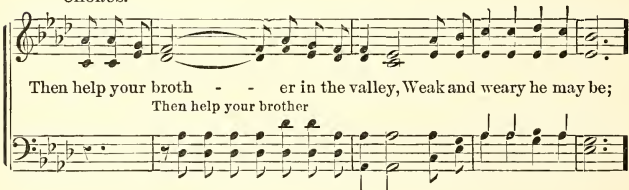


1. O my broth - er, are you bask - ing In the light of Je - sus' love?
2. Know you not that ma - ny oth - ers, Lower down are striv - ing still?
3. Do not spend your life in sing - ing, There is work for ev - 'ry day;
4. On the moun - tain top of glo - ry, We would fain for - ev - er dwell;

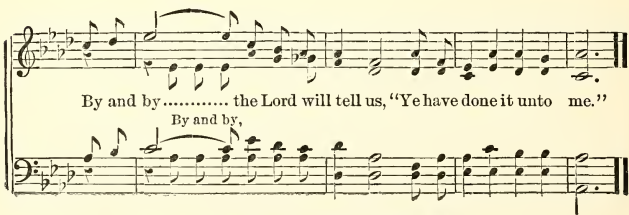


Have you reached the land of Beulah, Do you dwell on heights above?
 Reach a hand to your poor broth - er; Help him climb the rug - ged hill.
 All the struggling ones be bring - ing High - er up the narrow way.
 But there's work for Je - sus wait - ing, Waiting far - ther down the hill.

CHORUS.



Then help your broth - - er in the valley, Weak and weary he may be;
 Then help your brother



By and by..... the Lord will tell us, "Ye have done it unto me."
 By and by,

PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. { O, when I shall sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er, }
 { What then for my spir - it a-waits? Will they sing on the glo-ri-fied shore? }
 2. { And when from earth's cares I a-rise, And pass thro' the por-tals a-love, }
 { Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies, Resound thro' the regions of love? }

CHORUS.

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome in glo - ry for
 wel-come home! wel-come home!
 me; Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me!
 welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

Copyright, 1872, by JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
 Who learned the new song with me
 In chorus will hail me, I know, [here,
 And welcome me home with good cheer!

4 The beautiful gates will unfold, [see;
 The home of the blood-washed I'll
 The city of saints I'll behold!
 For, O! there's a welcome for me!

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
 I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
 And shout through the gates as I go,
 Salvation to God and the Lamb!

163 Marching to Zion.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known,
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
 We're marching upward to Zion,
 The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;

But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our song abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high. [ground;

164 Forever here my Rest.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 "For me the Savior died."

2 My dying Savior, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
 Wash me, and mine thou art, [own;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

WM. G. COLLINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am glad, oh, so glad, That to Je-sus I came, He has pardoned my
 2. Oh, the fullness of joy My Redeemer to know, And to feel that his
 3. Perfect peace in my heart Jesus now gives to me, From all fearing and
 4. Savior, keep me, I pray, Ever keep me thine own, Till I join the glad

CHORUS.

sins, I can now praise his name. Halle-lu-jah, Jesus saves me With a
 blood Makes me whiter than snow.
 doubt-ing, My spir-it is free.
 song Of the blest, round thy throne.

perfect sal-va-tion, Hallelujah, hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus saves me just now.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

166

I am Saved.

- 1 I am saved! the Lord hath saved me,
 Help me shout the glorious news!
 I have tasted God's salvation,
 And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 I rejoice, salvation came;
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 I am saved in Jesus' name.

- 2 Loud I sing my exultation,
 Hoping it will reach the skies;
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever
 Under thy protecting eyes.
- 3 Free salvation! glad salvation!
 Let us shout from pole to pole,
 Until each diseased nation
 Feels that God hath made it whole.

- 4 When at last the days are gathered
 Into thy great judgment one,
 May I find my name deep written,
 In the records of thy Son.

167 Bringing in the Sheaves.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds
 of kindness, [dewy eyes:
 Sowing in the noon-tide, and the
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time
 of reaping, [the sheaves.
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
- Cho.*—Bringing in the sheaves: ||
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
 the sheaves,

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
 shadows, [chilling breeze.
 Fearing neither clouds, nor winters
 By and by the harvest, and the labor
 ended, [in the sheaves.
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing

- 3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the
 Master, [it often grieves;
 Though the loss sustained our spir-
 When our weeping's over he will bid
 us welcome, [the sheaves.
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

Tr. by Miss. J. BORTHWICK.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; O may thy will be mine; In - to thy

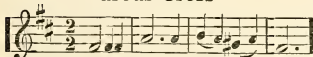
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death.
"My Lord, thy will be done."

169 When I survey the Wondrous Cross



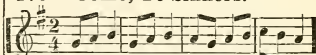
1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me
I sacrifice them to his blood. [most,

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

170 Come, Ye Sinners.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

Cho.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,

Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

QUESTION.

1 John. V:5, 4.1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that
 Rev. III:5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that
 Rev. II:7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that
 Rev. III:12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that

RESPONSE.

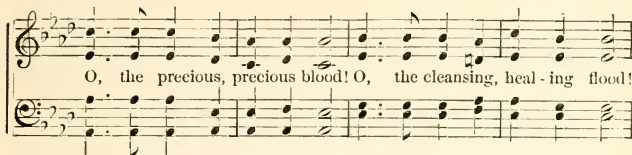
o ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He that believeth and is
 o-ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
 o-ver cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
 o ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be-liev eth and is born of God,
 rai-ment white, He shall be clothed in rai-ment white,
 tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
 temple of God, He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.
 He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.
 He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.
 He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

By permission of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

“Overcomers.” Concluded.



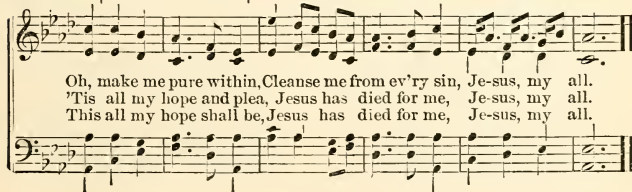
Rev. III: 5. Rev. III: 21.
 5 ||: What shall he hear? :|| that over-7 ||: Where shall he sit? :|| that over-
 cometh cometh
 By the blood of the Lamb? By the blood of the Lamb?
 ||: He shall hear his name con- | fessed ||: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his
 in heaven, :|| throne, :||
 That overcomes by the blood. That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. XXI: 7. 1 John V: 4.
 6 ||: What shall he have? :|| that over-8 ||: What is the victory? :|| that over-
 cometh cometh
 By the blood of the Lamb? By the blood of the Lamb?
 ||: God will give him all things, and | ||: Faith is the victory that | over-
 make him his son, :|| cometh
 That overcomes by the blood. By the blood of the Lamb.

172 Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

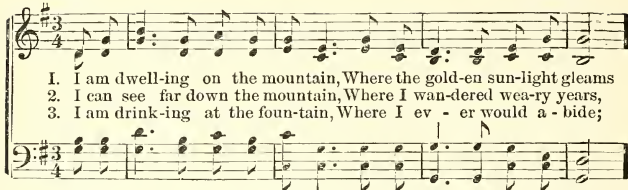
Scotch Air.



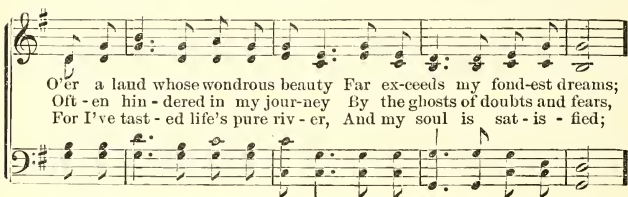
173 Is not this the Land of Beulah?

Anon.

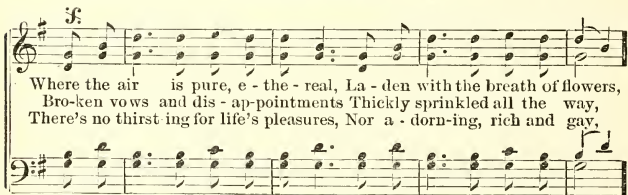
Arranged.



1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;



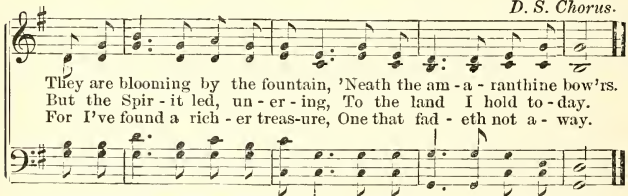
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;



Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
 Bro-ken vows and dis - ap-pointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing, rich and gay,

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beau-lah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,

D. S. Chorus.

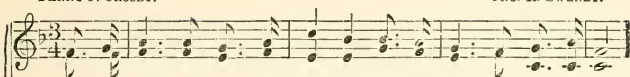


They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bow'rs.
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

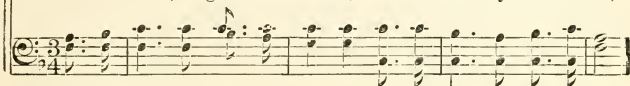
Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

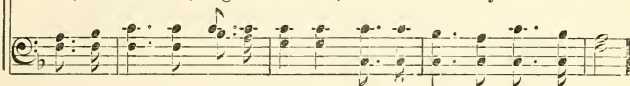
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 'Take the Cross, thou needs't not fear,
 For I've tried the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.



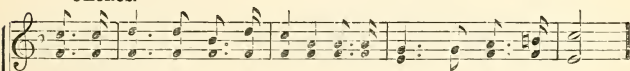
1. Take the world, but give me Je-sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Sweet-est com fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Let me view his con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, In his cross my trust shall be,



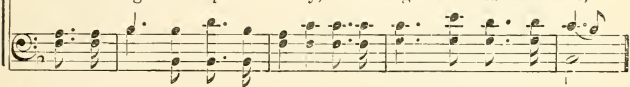
But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - ior watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll.
 Then throughout my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, bright - er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.



CHORUS.



O the height and depth of mer-cy, O the length and breadth of love,

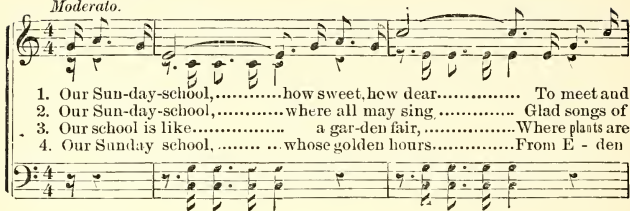


O the ful - ness of re-demp - tion, Pledge of end less life a - bove.

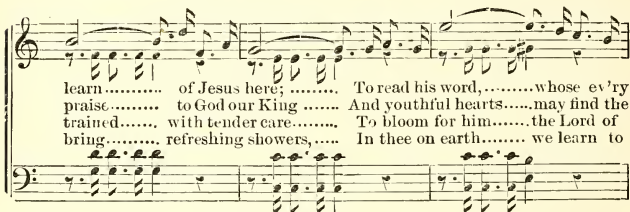


JAMES R. SMITH.

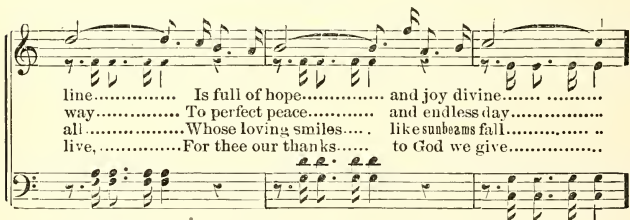
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.


1. Our Sun-day-school,.....how sweet,hew dear..... To meet and
 2. Our Sun-day-school,.....where all may sing, Glad songs of
 3. Our school is like..... a gar-den fair,Where plants are
 4. Our Sunday school, whose golden hours.....From E - den



learn..... of Jesus here; To read his word,.....whose ev'ry
 praise..... to God our King And youthful hearts.....may find the
 trained..... with tender care..... To bloom for him.....the Lord of
 bring..... refreshing showers,.... In thee on earth..... we learn to

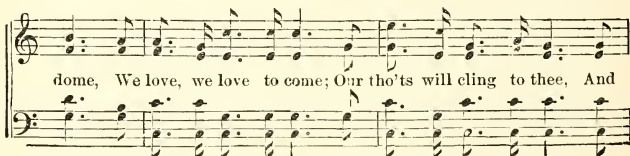


line..... Is full of hope..... and joy divine.....
 way..... To perfect peace..... and endless day.....
 allWhose loving smiles.... like sunbeams fall.....
 live,.....For thee our thanks..... to God we give.....

CHORUS.

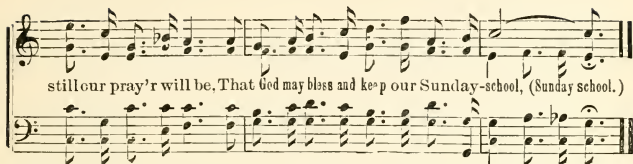


Our blessed Sunday-school, Our bright and happy home, Within thy peaceful



dome, We love, we love to come; Our tho'ts will cling to thee, And

Our Sunday School—Concluded.



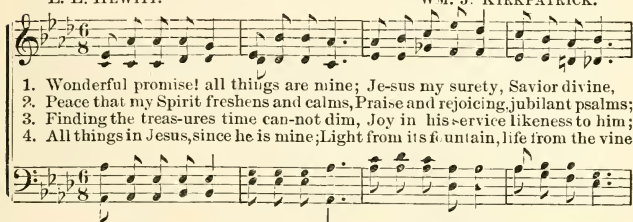
still our pray'r will be, That God may bless and keep our Sunday-school, (Sunday school.)

176

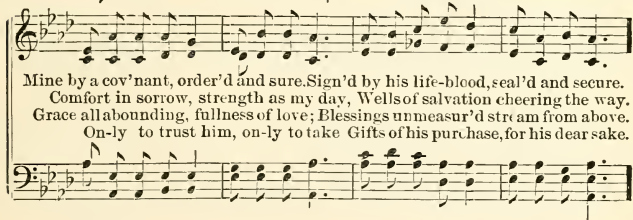
All Things in Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

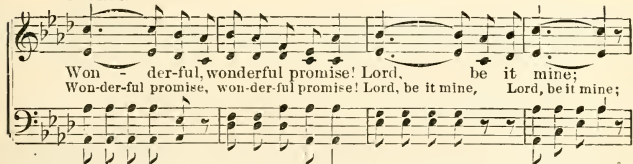


1. Wonderful promise! all things are mine; Je-sus my surety, Savior divine,
2. Peace that my Spirit freshens and calms, Praise and rejoicing, jubilant psalms;
3. Finding the treas-ures time can-not dim, Joy in his ser-vice likeness to him;
4. All things in Jesus, since he is mine; Light from its foun-tain, life from the vine

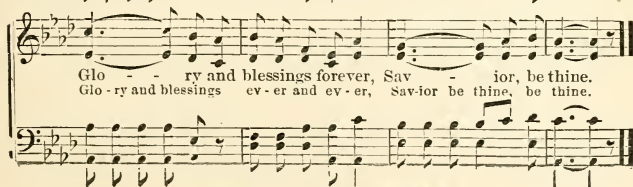


Mine by a cov'nant, order'd and sure. Sign'd by his life-blood, seal'd and secure.
 Comfort in sorrow, strength as my day, Wells of salvation cheering the way.
 Grace all abounding, fullness of love; Blessings unmeasur'd stream from above.
 On-ly to trust him, on-ly to take Gifts of his purchase, for his dear sake.

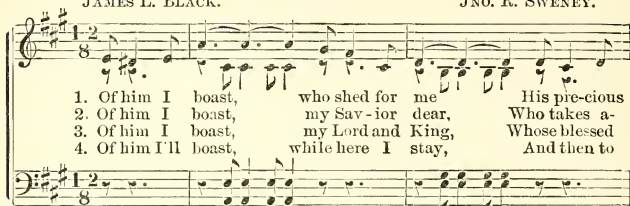
CHORUS.



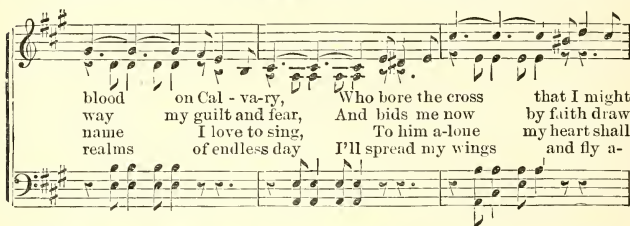
Won - der-ful, wonderful promise! Lord, be it mine;
 Won-der-ful promise, won-der-ful promise! Lord, be it mine, Lord, be it mine;



Glo - ry and blessings forever, Sav - ior, be thine.
 Glo - ry and blessings ev - er and ev - er, Sav-ior be thine, be thine.



1. Of him I boast, who shed for me His pre-cious
 2. Of him I boast, my Sav-ior dear, Who takes a-
 3. Of him I boast, my Lord and King, Whose blessed
 4. Of him I'll boast, while here I stay, And then to



blood on Cal - va-ry, Who bore the cross that I might
 way my guilt and fear, And bids me now by faith draw
 name I love to sing, To him a-lone my heart shall
 realms of endless day I'll spread my wings and fly a-

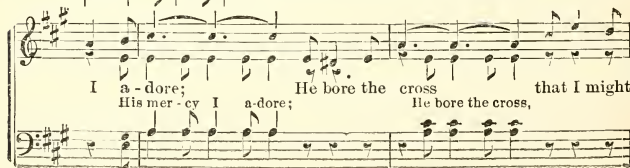


be His child for - ev - er - more.
 near, His child for - ev - er - more.
 cling, His child for - ev - er - more.
 way, His child for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.



His child for ev-er - more, His mer - - - cy
 His child for ev-er-more, His child for evermore, His mer cy I a-dore,



I a-dore; He bore the cross that I might
 His mer-cy I a-dore; He bore the cross,

His Child Forevermore—Concluded

be His child for-ev-er-more.
that I might be His child for-ev-er-more. His child for-ev-er more.

178

Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord, God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly! ho-ly, all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho ly, ho-ly! ho-ly, tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God, Al-might-y! All thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
golden crowns around the glas-sy sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sinful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho-ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly.

mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none beside thee, Per-fect in power, in love, in pur-i-ty.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

Arr. from LUDWIG SPOHR, 1784-1859.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sussy, "I am this dark world's light:

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and, live."
 Look un - to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

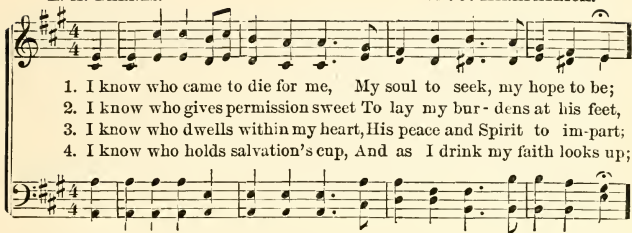
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream
 I looked to Je - sus and I found In him my Star, my Sun;

I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he has made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done.

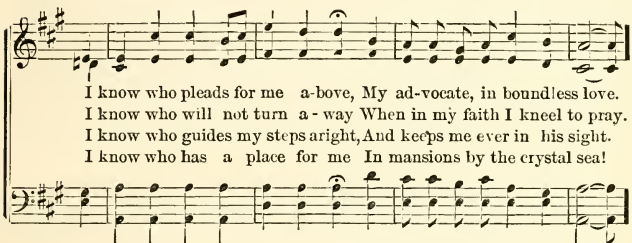
180 It is the Lord my Savior.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I know who came to die for me, My soul to seek, my hope to be;
 2. I know who gives permission sweet To lay my bur - dens at his feet,
 3. I know who dwells within my heart, His peace and Spirit to im-part;
 4. I know who holds salvation's cup, And as I drink my faith looks up;



I know who pleads for me a - bove, My ad - vocate, in boundless love.
 I know who will not turn a - way When in my faith I kneel to pray.
 I know who guides my steps aright, And keeps me ever in his sight.
 I know who has a place for me In mansions by the crystal sea!

CHORUS.



It is the Lord my Sav - ior, It is the Lord my Savior,
 It is the Lord It is the Lord



It is the Lord my Sav - ior, In whom I now be - lieve.
 It is the Lord

Rev. D. WILLIAMS.

1. On the mountain top of vis - ion, what a glo - ry we be-hold!

A hundred years of vic - to - ry are tinging earth with gold; And the

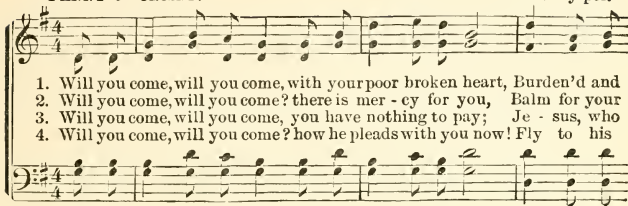
glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold. The Truth is marching on.
Chorus — Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

2. For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
 And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
 And a million voices shout it,—‘Redemption’s full and free,’
 Salvation’s rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
3. From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
 From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roar,
 We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home,
 Salvation’s rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
4. A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
 The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
 When he shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong.
 Our God is marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
5. And when the war is over, with the saints forevermore,
 On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o’er,
 And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
 Forever marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

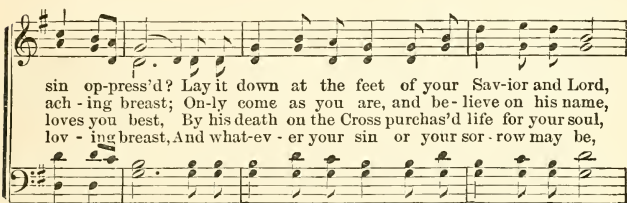
* The Chorus, “GLORY, HALLELUJAH,” is so familiar, that the music need not be repeated.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

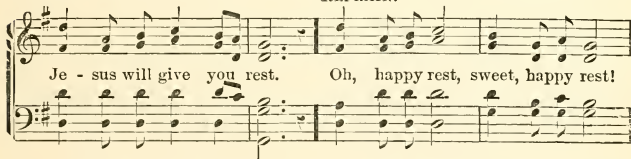


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who
 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his

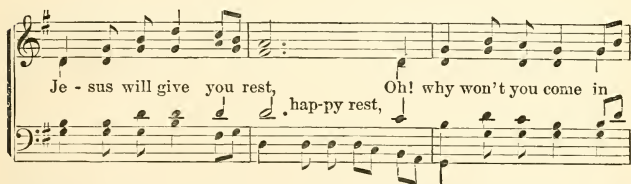


sin op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,
 loves you best, By his death on the Cross purchas'd life for your soul,
 lov - ing breast, And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

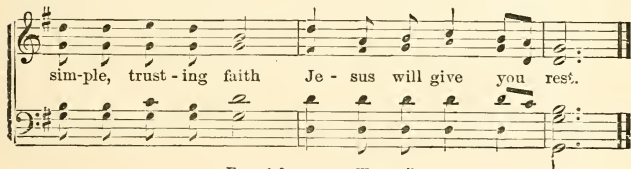
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, happy rest, sweet, happy rest!



Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in
 hap-py rest,



sim-ple, trust - ing faith Je - sus will give you rest.

FROM "JOY TO THE WORLD."

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

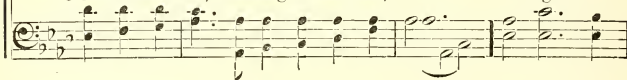
JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en - circling gloom, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on,



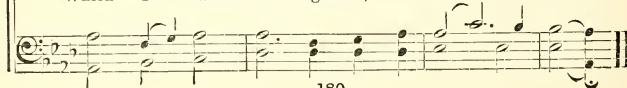
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is



on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
 gone! And with the morn those an-gel fac - es smile



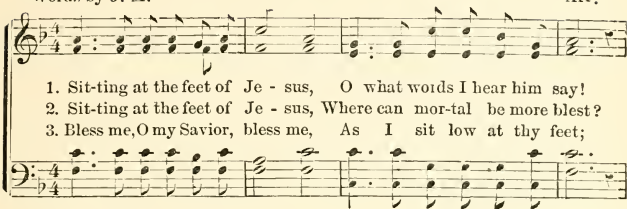
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!



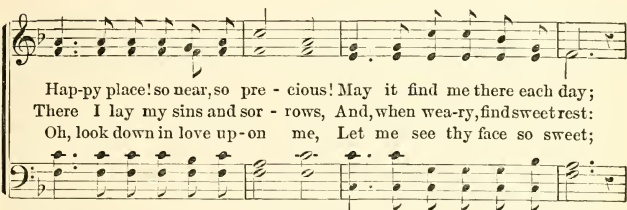
184 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Words by J. H.

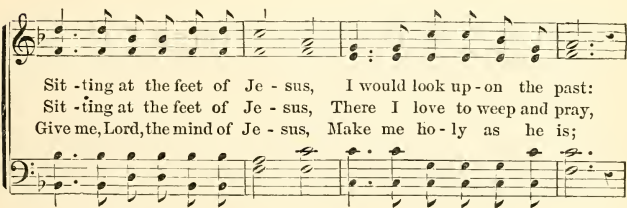
Arr.



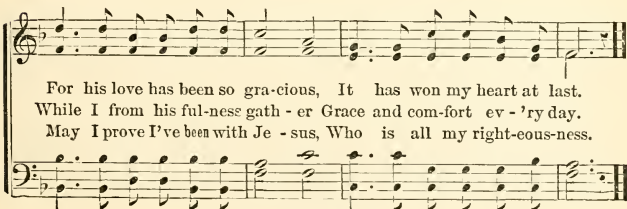
1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
 2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
 3. Bless me, O my Savior, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;



Hap-py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day;
 There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wea-ry, find sweet rest:
 Oh, look down in love up-on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;



Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past:
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is;

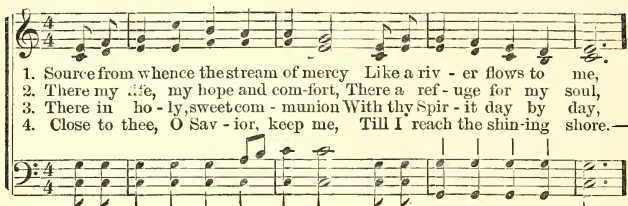


For his love has been so gra-cious, It has won my heart at last.
 While I from his ful-ness gath - er Grace and com-fort ev - 'ry day.
 May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness.

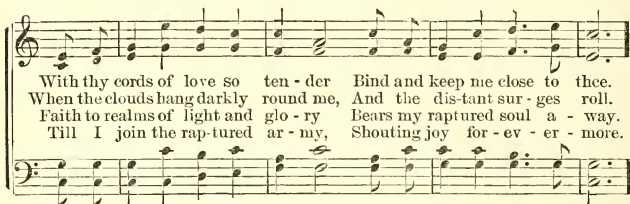
185 Keep Me ever Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

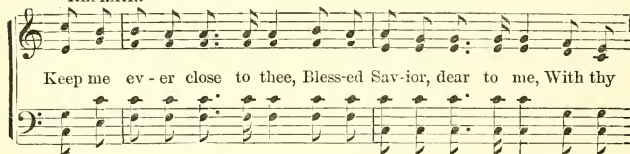


1. Source from whence the stream of mercy Like a riv - er flows to me,
 2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a ref - uge for my soul,
 3. There in ho - ly, sweet com - munion With thy Spir - it day by day,
 4. Close to thee, O Sav - ior, keep me, Till I reach the shin - ing shore. —

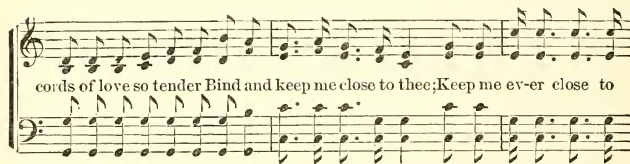


With thy cords of love so ten - der Bind and keep me close to thee.
 When the clouds hang darkly round me, And the dis - tant sur - ges roll.
 Faith to realms of light and glo - ry Bears my raptured soul a - way.
 Till I join the rap - tured ar - my, Shouting joy for - ev - er more.

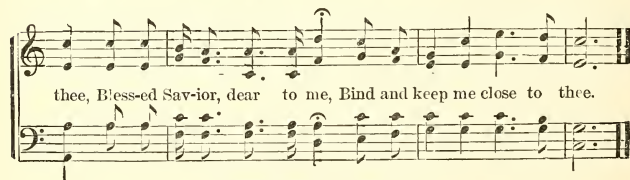
REFRAIN.



Keep me ev - er close to thee, Bless - ed Sav - ior, dear to me, With thy



cords of love so tender Bind and keep me close to thee; Keep me ev - er close to



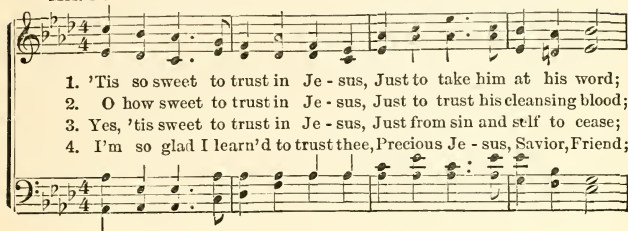
thee, Bless - ed Sav - ior, dear to me, Bind and keep me close to thee.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

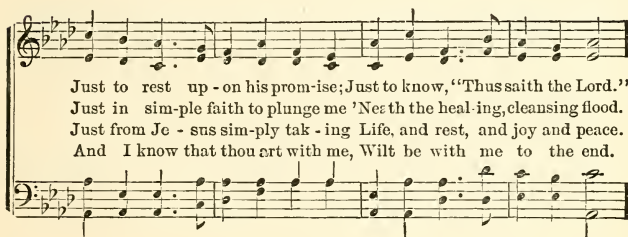
186 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

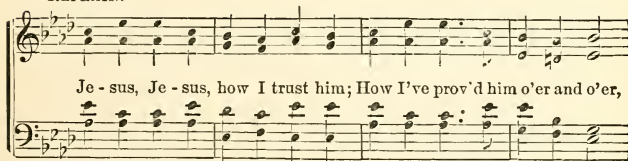


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;

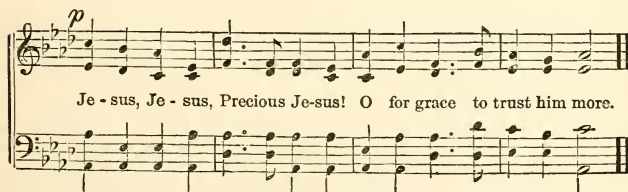


Just to rest up - on his prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er,



Je - sus, Je - sus, Precious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

From "Songs of Triumph."

Rev. WM. HUNTER, D.D.

Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain
 2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o-c-ean;
 3. Sink-ing and panting as for breath I knew not help was near me;
 4. O sa-cred hour! O hallowed spot! Where love divine first found me;

A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain.
 A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath, the waves' commotion.
 I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death, Im-mor-tal Je - sus, hear me."
 Wherever falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin-ger round thee.

'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Tho' that is al - most heaven,
 Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown Around me faint with terror;
 Then quick as tho't I felt him mine, My Sav-ior stood be - fore me;
 And when from earth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav-en,

But where I first my Sav-ior found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.
 In that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er-ror.
 I saw his brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glory, Glory."
 Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for-giv-en.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
 3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long,
 4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty The King in whose law I de - light,
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,

Redeemed thro' his in-fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell
 I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 And soon, with the spirits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 redeemed, redeemed,

Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 redeemed, redeemed,

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a foun - tain full and free,
 2. How a - maz ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
 3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will pro-claim,

Pure, ex-haust - less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
 This stu-pen - dous bliss of Heav-en, This un-meas-ured wealth of love!
 I will tell the bless-ed sto-ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!

CHORUS.

It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!

Pure, ex-haust-less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace, it reach-es me!

From "The Garner." by per.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev - 'ry con-di-tion, in sickness and health, In pov - er-ty's
 3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed: I,— I am thy

faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say than to
 vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth, At home or a - broad, on the
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

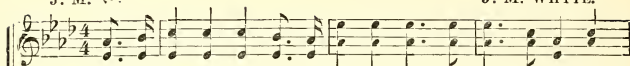
you he hath said, Ye who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?
 land, on the sea, As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous Om - nip-o-tent hand.

4. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
5. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not harm thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
6. Even down to old age all my people shall prove
 My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.
7. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no never forsake.

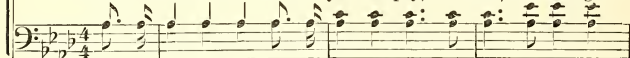
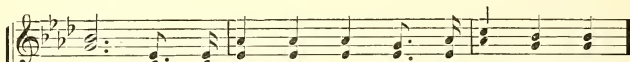
191 Behold the Bridegroom Comes.

J. M. W.

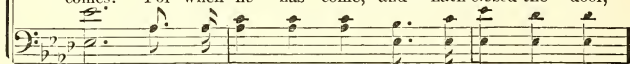

J. M. WHYTE.



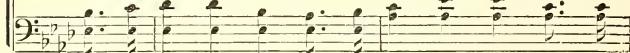

1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom
2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night. Behold, the Bridegroom
3. Brother, trim your lamp, have it burning bright "Behold, the Bridegroom
4. Hast thou made a vow? has-ten ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom


comes!" At the mid - night watch, in the dark - ness deep,
 comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
 comes!" He will sure - ly come, though he seem - eth late,
 comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door,

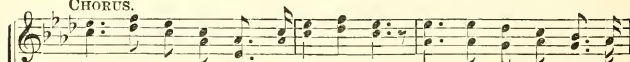
When a - cross our souls heav - y slum - bers creep, We shall
 And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
 Be at peace with him, nor a mo - ment wait, You will
 And ye stand and pray, "O - pen, we im - plore," It will

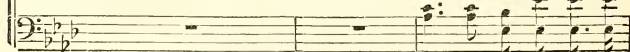
hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 soul will take its e - ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
 hear the cry ere the morning light, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 be too late, — pay thy vows to-day, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"



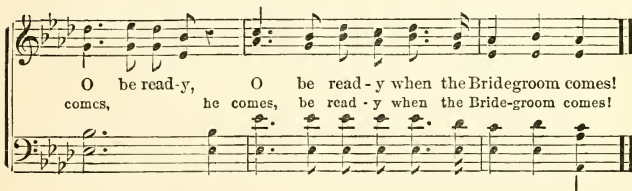
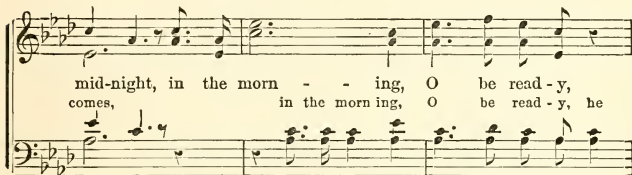
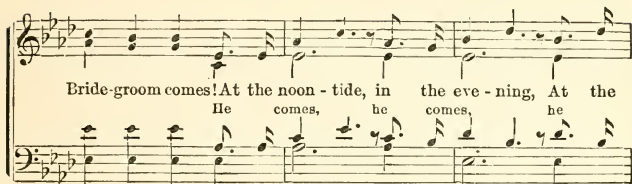
CHORUS.



O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes! O be read - y when the



Behold, the Bridegroom Comes.—Concluded.



192

Marching to Glory.

Tune—Marching Through Georgia.

Key of B Flat.

- 1 Come with hearts and voices now and sing a gospel song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the mighty throng;
Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud and long,
While we are marching to glory.

CHO.—Then hail! all hail! the coming jubilee!
Redeemed from sin, our Jesus make us free;
Now we'll shout salvation over mountain land and sea,
While we are marching to glory!

- 2 Gird the gospel armor on and duty's call obey;
See the host of Satan ready marshaled for the fray;
Going forth to meet them we will watch and fight and pray,
While we are marching to glory!

- 3 Forward then to battle 'neath the banner of the cross;
Counting worldly honors at their best as only dross;
Jesus is our Captain, and we ne'er can suffer loss,
While we are marching to glory!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847.

WM. H. MONK, 1867.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour,

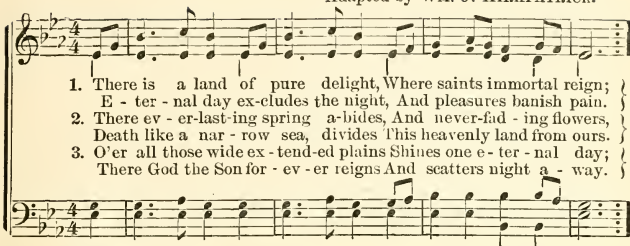
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be?

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O thou who chan - gest not, a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!

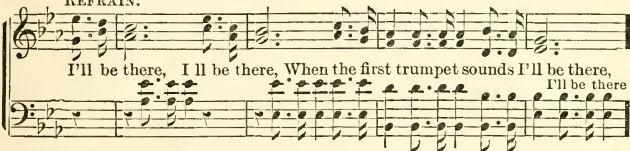
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

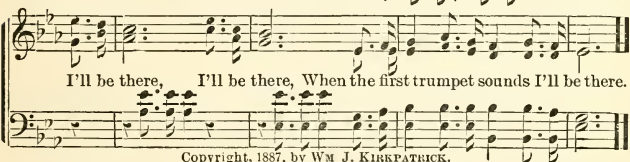


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }
 E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. }
 2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And never - fad - ing flowers, }
 Death like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. }
 3. O'er all those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; }
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns And scatters night a - way. }

REFRAIN.



I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there, I'll be there



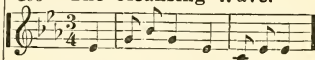
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.

Copyright, 1887, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

195 From Greenland's Icy Mts.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

196 The Cleansing Wave.



- 1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
 The fountain deep and wide,
 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
 Points to his wounded side.
- Ref. The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
 I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
 Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
 It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!
- 2 I see the new creation rise;
 I hear the speaking blood!
 It speaks! polluted nature dies!
 Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
 Above the world of sin,
 With heart made pure, and gar-
 ments white,
 And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
 To feel the blood applied;
 And Jesus, only Jesus know,
 My Jesus crucified. Ref.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, } with saints!
 How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (omit.) }
 2. An al - ien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, } to trace;
 I wan - dered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (omit.) }
 3. The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; } de - cay;
 They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (omit.) }

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
 In the path - way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful, a -
 But pleas - ures more last - ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on

D. C. Pre - pare me, dear

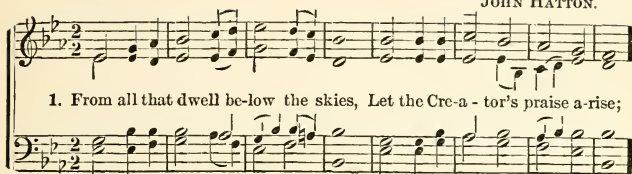
pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 las! that it led me from home.
 earth and a man - sion in heaven.

Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.

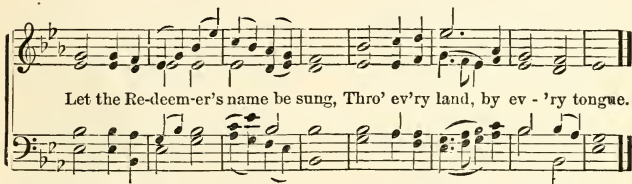
No. 198 Your Mission.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet,
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them
 As they launch their boat away.</p> <p>2 If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitude go by;
 You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along;
 Though they may forget the singer,
 They will not forget the song.</p> | <p>3 If you have not gold or silver
 Ever ready to command;
 If you cannot toward the needy
 Reach an ever open hand,
 You can visit the afflicted.
 O'er the erring you can weep;
 You can be a true disciple
 Sitting at the Savior's feet.</p> <p>4 If you cannot in the harvest
 Garner up the richest sheaf,
 Many a grain both ripe and golden
 Will the careless reapers leave;
 Go and glean among the briers,
 Growing rank against the wall,
 For it may be that the shadow
 Hides the heaviest wheat of all.</p> |
|---|---|

JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a - tor's praise a-rise;



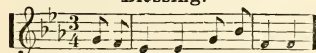
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

200 Come, Thou Fount of Every
Blessing.

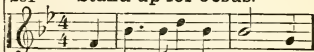


1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

201 Stand up for Jesus.



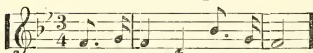
1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

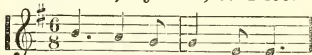
202

Rock of Ages.



- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

203 Nearer, my God, to Thee.



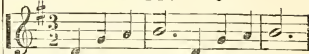
Music copyrighted by Oliver Ditson Co.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

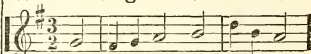
204

O Happy Day.



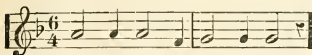
- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture ail abroad.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

205 Thirsting for Perfect Love.



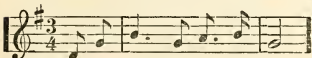
- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength
derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy
throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'er-
flow
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

206 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

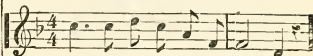
207 I am Coming to the Cross.



- 1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind:
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.
- Cho.*—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
I am trusting, Lord, etc.

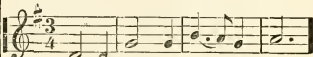
- 3 In thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.
I am trusting, Lord, etc.

208 What a Friend.



- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

209 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



- 1 Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand.
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

210 Is My Name Written There.

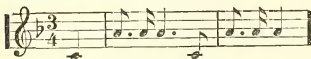


- 1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Savior,
Is my name written there?
Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
“Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow.”

- 3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

211 I'll Live for Him



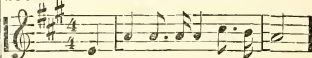
- 1 My life, my love I give to thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be.
My Savior and my God!

- Cho.*—I'll live for him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for him who died for me.
My Savior and my God!

- 2 I now believe thou dost receive,
For thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,
My Savior and my God!

- 3 Oh, thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to thee,
My Savior and my God.

212 The Home Over There.



- 1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

- Ref.*—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

- Ref.*—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

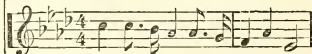
- 3 My Savior is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

- Ref.*—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

- Ref.*—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

213 Glory to His Name.



- 1 Down at the cross where my Savior
died, [cried;
Down where for cleansing from sin I
There to my heart was the blood ap-
plied;
Glory to his name.

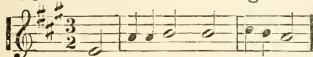
- Cho.*—Glory to his name; ::|| [plied;
There to my heart was the blood ap-
plied to his name.

- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within: [in;
There at the cross where he took me
Glory to his name.

- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from
sin,
I am so glad I have entered in; [clean,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me
Glory to his name.

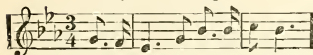
- 4 Come to the fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made com-
plete;
Glory to his name,

214 O for a Thousand Tongues.



- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim, [abroad,
To spread through all the earth
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears;
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
'Tis life, and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

215 Oh, 'tis Glory.

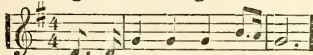


- 1 To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging,
All my refuge and my plea;
Matchless is thy loving kindness,
Else it had not stooped to me.

Cho.—Oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory!
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul. [ment,
For I've touched the hem of his gar-
And his power doth make me whole.

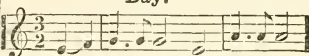
- 2 Long my heart has heard thee calling,
But I thrust aside thy grace;
Yet, O boundless condescension!
Love is shining from thy face.
- 3 Love eternal, light eternal,
Close me safely, sweetly in;
Savior, let thy balm of healing,
Ever keep me free from sin.

216 Angels Hovering Round.



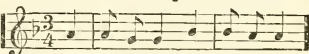
- 1 There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring
round.
- 2 They will carry the tidings home, etc.
- 3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
- 6 There's glory all around, etc.

217 With Joy we Hail the Sacred Day.



- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.
- 3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite;
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

218 Alas and did my Savior Bleed.



- 1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- Cho.*—Help me, dear Savior, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
 - 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.
 - 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
 - 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

219 Arise, My Soul, Arise.



1. Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

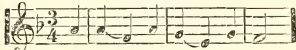
2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me,
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4. The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father, cry."

220 Blest be the Tie.



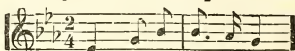
1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellow-ship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares. [one,

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in
And hope to meet again. [heart,

221 My Faith looks up to Thee.



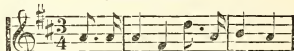
1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

222 Guide me.

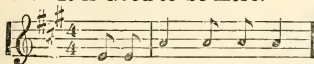


1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand,
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current:
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

223 It is Good to be Here.



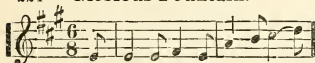
1 While we bow in thy name,
Oh, meet us again, [love;
Fill our hearts with the light of thy
May the Spirit of grace,
And the smiles of thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

Ref.—It is good to be here, it is good to
be here, [fear,
Thy perfect love now drives away all our
And light streaming down makes the
pathway all clear,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

224 Glorious Fountain.



1 There is a fountain ||: filled with blood: ||
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd ||: beneath that
flood: ||
Lose all their guilty stains.

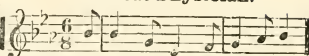
Cho.—Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I
stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see: ||
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, ||: tho' vile as he: ||
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood: ||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: church of God: ||
Are saved to sin no more.

5 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream: ||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme: ||
And shall be till I die.

225 The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

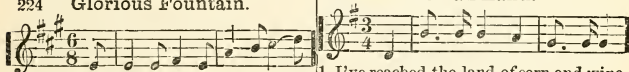
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

226 Beulah Land.



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has pass'd away.

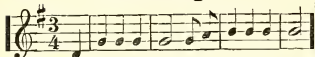
Cho.—O Beu'ah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore.
My heav'n, my home, forever more!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever-vernal trees;
And flowers that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-rob'd throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

227 Revive us Again.



1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chor—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.

Hallelujah! thine the glory; Revive us again

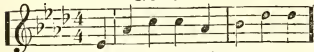
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

228 Jesus, my All, to Heaven is Gone.

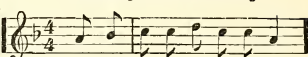


1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view,
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

229 The Lily of the Valley.



1 I have found a friend in Jesus, he's every thing to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;

The Lily of the Valley, in him alone I see,

All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;

In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,

He tells me every care on him to roll,
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright

and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Chorus.—In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,

He tells me every care on him to roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright

and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;

In temptation he's my strong and mighty tower;

I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn

From my heart, and now he keeps me by his power.

Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,

Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright

and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

3 He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,

While I live by faith and do his blessed will;

A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;

With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill;

Then sweeping up to glory we see his blessed face,

Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright

and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

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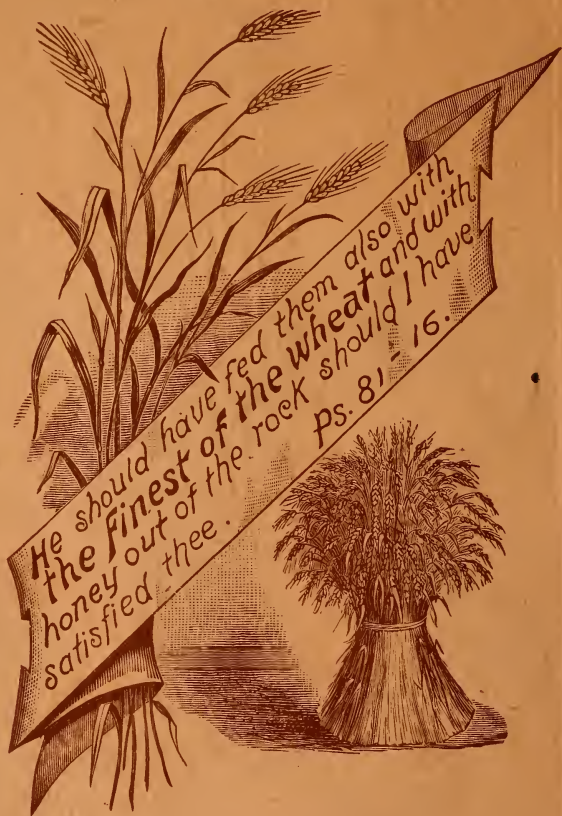
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He should have fed them also with
the **Finest** of the wheat and with
honey out of the rock should I have
satisfied thee.
ps. 81 - 16.